Saturday Review

MAY 12, 1956 / 20¢

SCIENCE-FICTION AND THE OPINION OF THE UNIVERSE

By John W. Campbell, Jr.

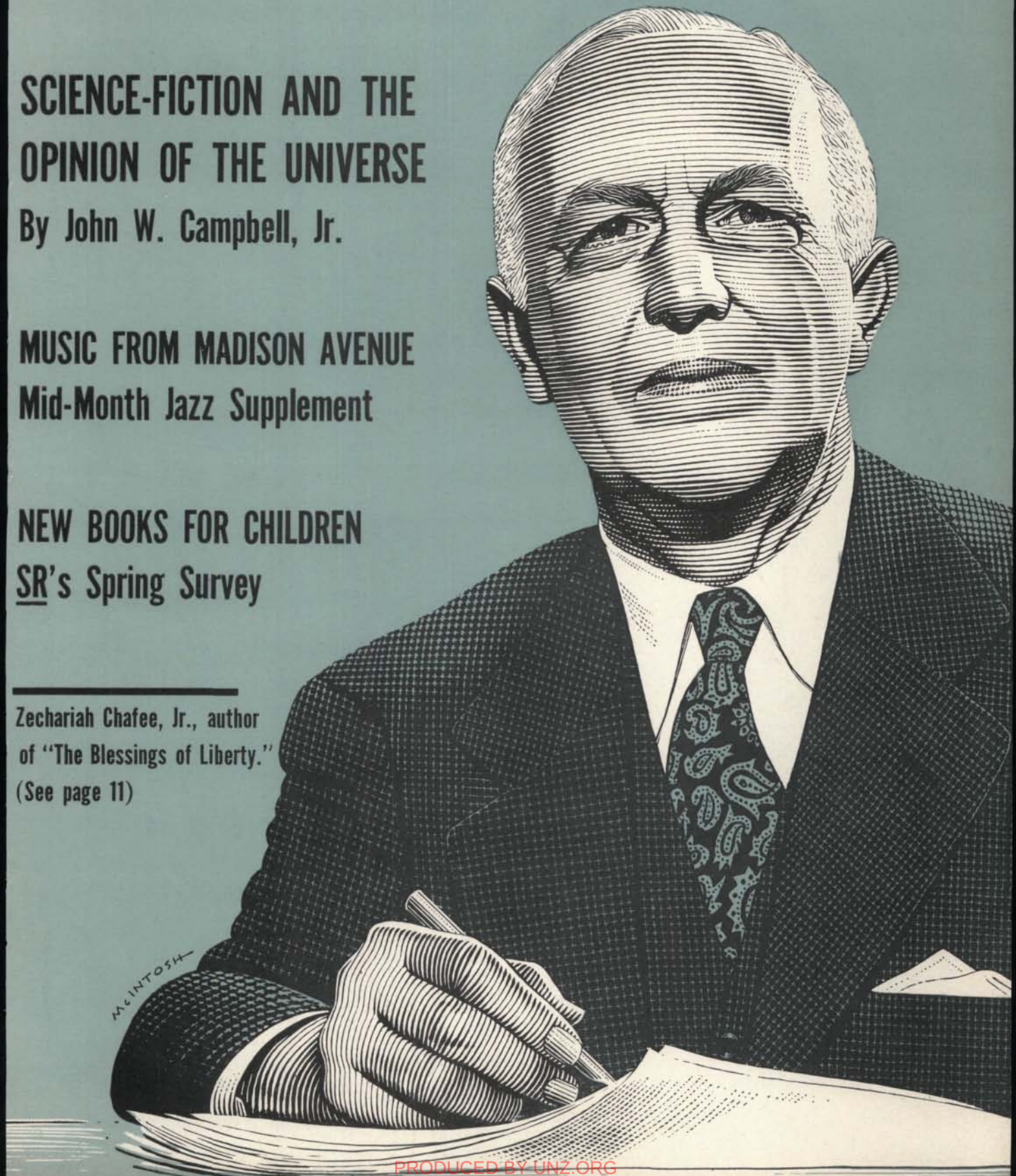
MUSIC FROM MADISON AVENUE

Mid-Month Jazz Supplement

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

SR's Spring Survey

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., author of "The Blessings of Liberty."
(See page 11)



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The will said, "You *must* marry Marie" but his heart said, "You *must* have her sister."

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–Saturday Review $3.00

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The Saturday Review

MAY 12, 1956

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Moonshine And Asphodel

THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER. By Iris Murdoch. 316 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $3.75.

"WHAT is this marvelous *stuff?*" asks a young girl, finishing her second drink at a London party, in this preposterous and enchanting novel. Since there is no reply and the party breaks up in the utmost confusion, bewildered but captivated readers may well echo the question.

Undoubtedly this is a heady mixture we are offered. A second tasting (immediately following the first) confirmed the analysis of ingredients. It is compounded mainly of moonshine, brewed over laughing gas, with essence of asphodel and just a suspicion of brimstone.

Characters and incidents in this odd story all have a double and deceptive quality; crystal clear but reflecting darkness, liable to explode in farce yet stirring a feeling of uneasy melancholy, realistic and enigmatic.

THE cast includes an adolescent girl in breathless pursuit of romance, and a mature beauty frantically in flight from it; a pair of hobgoblin brothers, straight out of Grimm; a solitary scholar trying to reconstruct a forgotten civilization from fragments of undecipherable script; a well-meaning bureaucrat overpowered and outmaneuvered by his determined woman secretary; a bemused dressmaker; the distraught editor of a dying magazine, which he hates but cannot forsake; and, most inexplicable of all a mysterious multi - millionaire and his smoothly villainous hireling....

Readers who can shiver and laugh at the same time will thoroughly enjoy the batlike swoops in and out of this modern Nightmare Abbey. The book should never be recommended to sufferers from serious-mindedness.

A time may come when learned professors will expound the hidden meanings in the intricate symbolism of the Collected Works of Iris Murdoch. At present, since this is only the second novel by a highly original and gaily unpredictable young writer, it should be read for enjoyment and wonder alone.

AILEEN PIPPETT.

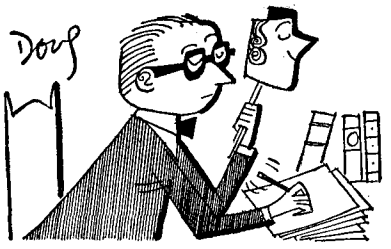
(A slightly shortened version of a review from the April 15th *New York Times Book Review.*)

TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE MOST popular exhibits ever assembled by the New York Public Library is now on display in Room 318 of the main building at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. It's called "What's in a Name" and consists of 100 world-famous books by authors whose real names would be recognized by only the most esoteric scholars—and quiz masters.

Who, for instance, is Cicily Isabel Fairfield Andrews? When she began to write she borrowed the name of the heroine in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm"—so her public applauds her today as Rebecca West.

Charles John Huffam, my friends, is the real name of Charles Dickens! Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee pool their talents under the protective cover of Ellery Queen. Josef Teodor Konrad Nalecz Korzeniowski is not a Notre Dame fullback, but



the Joseph Conrad who gave us "Lord Jim" and "Victory." Winifred Ashton adopted the name of a well-known church on the Strand in London when she began writing plays, and became Clemence Dane.

Edward Everett Tanner attempted to break into the light-fiction market with a novel called "House Party," submitted under the pseudonym of Virginia Rowan. He did much better the second time out, when he used the name of Patrick Dennis for "Auntie Mame."

The "John Sedges" who wrote "The Townsman" is in private life Pearl Buck. The "Nicholas Blake" who writes detective fiction is the distinguished poet Cecil Day Lewis, not the first to discover that crime pays better than poetry. The "Tom Graham" who wrote one of the first boys' books about flying machines later won the Nobel Prize as Sinclair Lewis. John Galsworthy's first four books bore the author's name of John Sinjohn. "Nancy Boyd" was Edna St. Vincent Millay. The real name of the author of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" was Eric Arthur Blair—not George Orwell.

The reasons why writers attempt to disguise their identities vary widely. In some cases two authors pretend to be one—or, contrariwise, insinuate they are three. Men pretend to be women—and women men. One writer had a very practical reason for dissembling; he was married to two women at the same time—and both of them were trying to track him down! Often authors with a very high literary reputation are trying to make a real killing and at the same time protect their lofty standing from the taint of "rank commercialism."

You will find examples of all the above in the Library exhibit, open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Mondays through Saturdays, but closed Sundays and holidays.

EVERY BIG DEPARTMENT store maintains a comparison-shopping office whose business it is to see that no tough competitor undersells it. In *Good Housekeeping* magazine Bernice Fitz-Gibbon, past master of merchandising, tells what happened when one store decided that instead of slashing prices to undersell the opposition it would increase the *quality* of the items under fire. Thus, when its best-selling men's white shirt was marked down by a neighboring store it maintained the old price but had two inches added to the tail. The competing store took one look at the new model and ordered white shirts with tails *four* inches longer. Before this particularly absurd skirmish was called off men who wore the shirts were convinced they had Ringling Brothers' tent tucked inside their pants!

The next battle took place in the pastry department. The idea was to see who could put the most rum in a rum cake. "We'll give them a rum for

their money," swore Bernice, and came up with a cake so soggy they had to *pour* it into containers. "There was only one trouble with it," she recalls. "It tasted terrible!"

Oldtimers in the book business will remember the sporadic wars that

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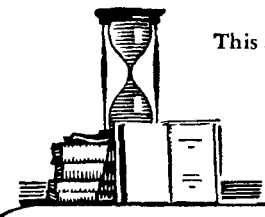
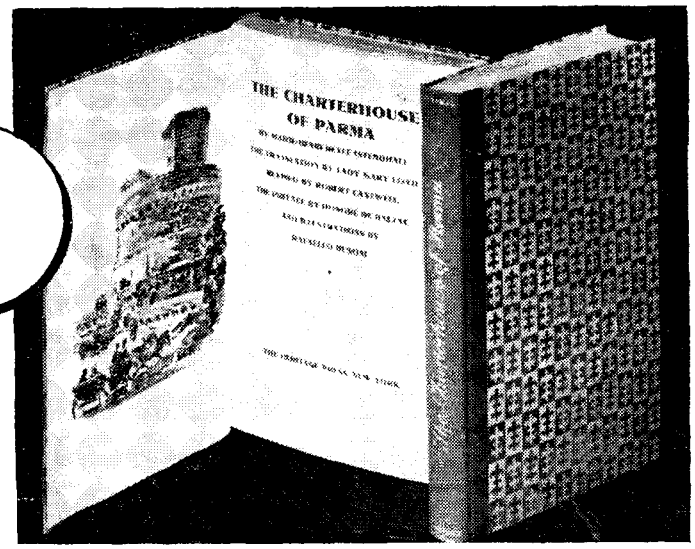


"H. de Balzac has the honor to present . . ."



DID SHAKESPEARE EVER CALL the attention of his countrymen to the excellence of the works of that other man-of-letters named Francis Bacon? Did Alexander of Macedonia ever tell his troops that Darius the Persian was a master strategist too? Did Marilyn Monroe ever call our attention to Jane Russell? or, to be more precise about it, to Jane Russell's?

The answers to the questions propounded above are, in the order in which they have been propounded: (1) No. (2) No. (3) No.

Indeed, rarely does a man, having achieved prominence in his chosen field, call the attention of the general public to the excellence of the work of a contemporary in the same field. He, this eminent man, may write in praise of the work of a fellow-genius long dead. Or he may patronizingly call the attention of the general public to the promising work of a youngster who cannot be expected to occupy a position of eminence until long after our eminent man will have departed from that position.

But Honoré de Balzac, who is now considered to have been the greatest of all French novelists, and who was during his lifetime considered the greatest of all French novelists, once performed such an act of homage for a fellow-novelist, whose mastery he acknowledged with a generosity unparalleled in literary history.

THE YEAR was 1840, and the scene was the city of Paris. Balzac was not only France's most eminent man-of-letters, he was the editor and the publisher of an influential magazine called *La Revue Parisienne.* He had read a novel by a far, far less well-known novelist named Beyle. In the issue of his magazine for 25 September 1840, he devoted page after page to an essay called *A Study of M. Beyle.* This essay occupied the space which had previously been occupied by an instalment of one of Balzac's own novels. In place of one of his own works, Balzac devoted twenty thousand words to critical comments about the novelist named Beyle.

That essay is intensely interesting: for its revelation of the mental processes of one literary master speaking over the heads of his readers to another, for the subtlety of one novelist's reshading of another novelist's scenes in order to point up their values, for its sustained recognition by one writer of the greatness of another writer—of opposed beliefs and tastes. It is a monument of its sort, as outstanding among critical comments written by novelists as is *The Charterhouse of Parma* itself among the world's great works of fiction.

For *The Charterhouse of Parma* is listed among the world's great works of fiction; and that is why we now send you a copy of the handsome illustrated edition prepared for the members of this Club. *Ergo:*

THIS MAN named Beyle was christened Marie Henri. He was a Frenchman born, his birth having been at Grenoble in 1783. As soon as he decided to live the life of a writer, he began to use aliases in place of his given name; he used many aliases before he was satisfied, and did not finally settle upon *Stendhal* as his *nom de plume* until he was nearing forty.

Yet he was a soldier before he was a writer. In this he was like Tolstoy, and indeed in his books he sometimes matches the scope and the sweep of Tolstoy as a novelist. Of course, his boyhood was spent under the memory of the French Revolution, which naturally excited and captivated his imagination. However, since his father was a conservative and a royalist, his early years could not have been very happy ones!

When he was sixteen, he was given a clerical job in the Ministry of War in Paris. He didn't like that, so he tried his hand at painting for a while. Then, in 1800 when he was only seventeen, he went off to the wars.

He followed Napoleon into Italy, was present at the battle of Marengo, and was part of the garrison which was stationed in Milan—and that city was, forever after, closest to his heart.

Napoleon was not only Stendhal's greatest hero, but his only hero. Around Napoleon, he built the story of martial adventure which became *The Charterhouse of Parma,* the first . . .

You want more? The words you have just been reading are an excerpt only, they represent the beginning lines of a current issue of THE HERITAGE CLUB SANDGLASS. That is a small and unpretentious and (it is hoped!) inoffensive leaflet which is sent each month to the members of The Heritage Club. If you are interested in reading the remainder of *this* issue of the SANDGLASS, and in receiving future issues too, you need only fill out and send us the coupon below. You will not be offered a membership in THE HERITAGE CLUB! Memberships in the Club are not always available, and this is one month in which they are not. We are willing to put you on the subscription list now because you *might* be interested in having a membership if and when one is available.

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—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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—San Francisco Chronicle

COIL OF THE SERPENT

BY DEXTER ALLEN
Author of
JAGUAR AND THE GOLDEN STAG
$3.75 *at all bookstores*
Coward-McCann

brought the price of top best-sellers as low as forty-nine cents and Modern Library books to nine cents a copy—three to a customer and titles be blowed. The customer took what was handed him in a bag—and the police were needed to keep the crowds in line. Laws prevent that sort of thing today, and a lucky thing it is for the hard-pressed retailer who regards books as his chief stock in trade—not loss leaders to lure customers into his store.

SOMEWHERE IN THE BOUQUET that book publishers owe to radio and TV for their imaginative dramatization of books there ought to be a small brickbat for the fine book discussion shows these same lords of the airwaves have allowed to go to limbo. Ask any network executive the reason for their demise and he'll probably tell you the patient died for want of a sponsor. I can think of at least two top-drawer book programs that attracted quality listeners in quantity but no sponsors—due, I think, to the mistaken notion on the part of networks and ad agencies that Johnny's parents can't read.

Everybody laments the passing, after a long struggle to live, of "Author Meets the Critics." And today people in book circles are asking each other why NBC, or some knowing sponsor, doesn't restore Leon Pearson's "Critic at Large." We had ample evidence in our own publishing house that Pearson's lively, witty commentary on books and theatre drew listeners galore to NBC radio every Sunday afternoon. One Sabbath, Pearson ventured to say that William Carlos Williams's latest book of poetry wasn't for him. Back came hundreds of letters

(two Random House minions actually counted them), many berating Pearson for daring to criticize the distinguished poet, others congratulating him for coming out with a blast at modern verse. If Pearson numbered among his listeners that many poetry readers it's safe to say that his total audience was large enough to make the heart of any sponsor beat faster.

I can hear the network boys saying that if publishers are so interested in "Critic at Large" why don't they sponsor it? The answer is, of course, that Pearson couldn't maintain the objec-

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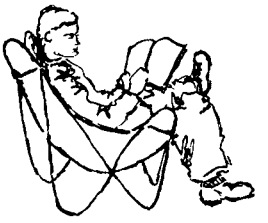

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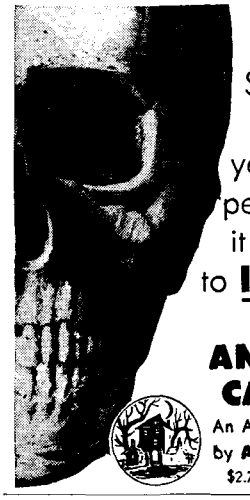

So young, so lovely, yet so many people found it impossible to **live** with her

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tivity that was one of his brightest trade-marks if he were sponsored by the very people whose wares he was criticizing. And for those who say that everybody looks at television these days in preference to radio (which I don't believe for a minute), then why not a TV version of "Critic at Large"? If network time is scarce (I know all the excuses!), then why not begin by offering "Critic at Large" as a summer replacement or even testing it on a local TV station?

The idea for "Critic at Large" was the happy thought of Frank Folsom,

president of RCA, which sponsored it for a time. For most of its four-year life it was carried on a sustaining basis by NBC, which won deserved plaudits thereby. Pearson was hailed by many as the logical and long-sought successor to Alexander Woollcott, and even softened up such tough critics as John Crosby and Jack Gould. You get Leon Pearson's brother, Drew, at regular intervals. Why not Leon himself? If you want him back write to NBC. How those networks love mail from their listeners!

"NILA" IS THE STORY of a gay and irrepressible Russian emigree, now Mrs. Robert Magidoff, as told to Willie Snow Ethridge (published by S. & S. at $3.50). In the dining room of a Detroit hotel one day Nila suddenly began acting out a scene of Ophelia's from "Hamlet" for her own amusement, enjoying herself so heartily that she burst into tears. An admiral dripping with gold braid observed her distress and rushed over to offer assistance. When he returned to his table he reported with disgust, "Hell, she isn't suffering. She's reciting Shakespeare!" —BENNETT CERF.

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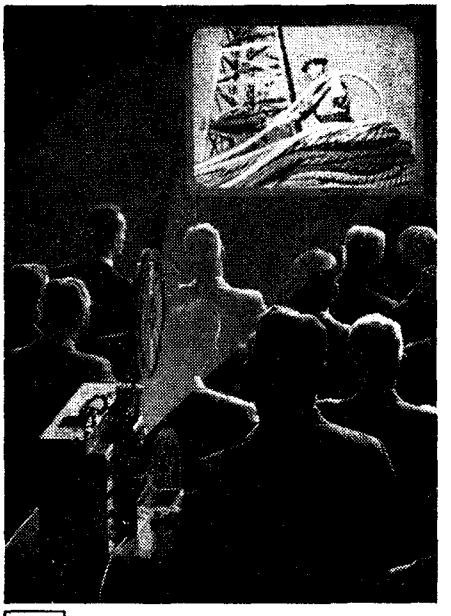

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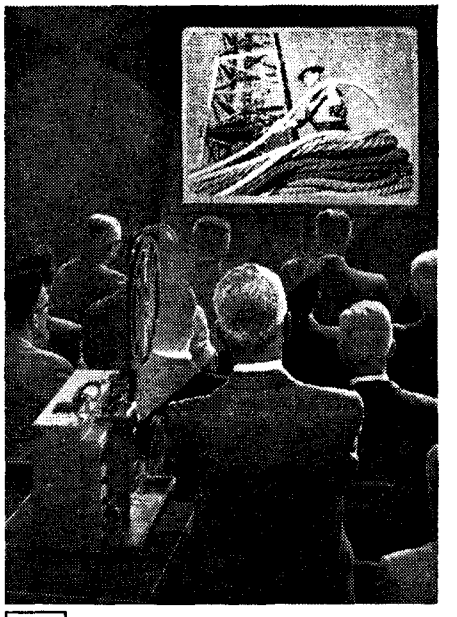

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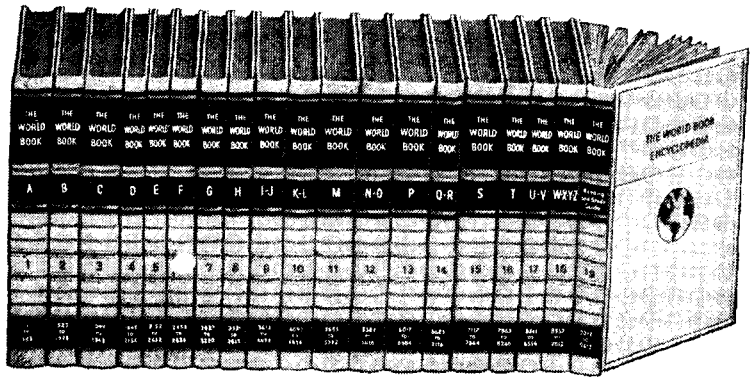

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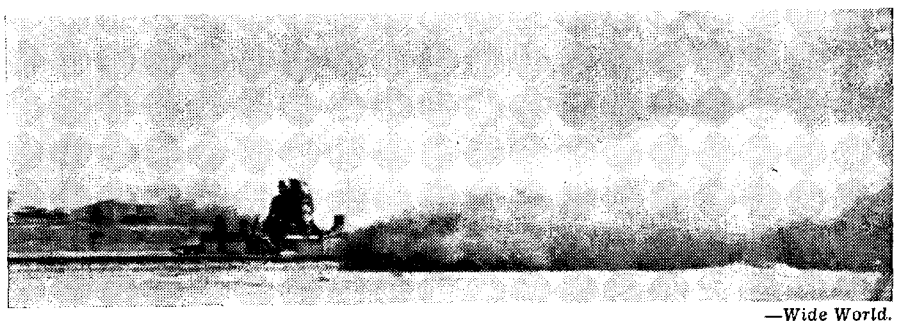
MAY 12, 1956



—Wide World.

Rocket-propelled sled stopping at 632 mph during test.

SCIENCE-FICTION AND THE OPINION OF THE UNIVERSE

If anything, science-fiction irritates more people than soap-opera. The article "The Myth of Science-Fiction" [SR *Aug. 27, 1955*] *sets forth the common charges: science-fiction is smug, dogmatic, cartoonish, and aberrant in various intellectual and psychological ways. Usually science-fictioneers are too proud to protest, but here John W. Campbell, Jr.—long-time editor of* Astounding Science-Fiction, *the doyen of her species—takes pains to explain that few critics understand that the means and ends of science-fiction are totally different from those of any other literature. Like the poems of Jeremiah, science-fiction must be judged as prophecy. It attempts to see in some small ingredient of the present a clue to the shape of the future.*

By JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.

IN LATE 1943 a story by Cleve Cartmill reached my desk at *Astounding Science-Fiction*. It had a rather simple and formula-type plot, concerning an intelligence agent seeking to sabotage an enemy nation's atomic bomb. The characters were decidedly out of the stock bins. Certainly it was no literary gem. Nevertheless, I bought and published it. It was the story "Deadline," which, appearing in our May 1944 issue, was on the stands in April 1944—roughly fourteen months before the Alamagordo test-firing of the first atomic bomb, and fifteen months before Hiroshima.

The Manhattan Project security people were on the spot almost immediately; the story described the arming mechanism of the atomic bomb more accurately than anything published until the Greenglass spy-trial disclosures. It stated that U-235 could be used in a bomb, producing the explosive effect equivalent to 50,000 tons of TNT. That exact figure matched perfectly the performance of the Nagasaki bomb, and slightly exceeded the performance of the Hiroshima bomb. The story contained a description of an atomic-bomb explosion; the one item the author missed was the mushroom cloud effect. That, while visibly spectacular, doesn't cause any damage; the author was interested in the demolition effects of the bomb.

This story was one of the more sensational examples of the values with which science-fiction is concerned. Published in 1944, by a man who had studied the work of Einstein, Fermi, Hahn, etc., and who was therefore aware that nuclear forces existed and that it was only a matter of time before engineers unlocked them, the story was a prophecy. Had it been saved until 1946, when the explosive products of the theoretical physics of the Twenties and Thirties were common knowledge, it would have possessed none of its prophetic qualities, and could have been judged like any other short story for "plot" or "literary" values. But what folly to judge *prophecy*—and damned accurate prophecy at that—like a fairy-tale. Of course Hemingway can write a great deal better than Isaac Asimov,

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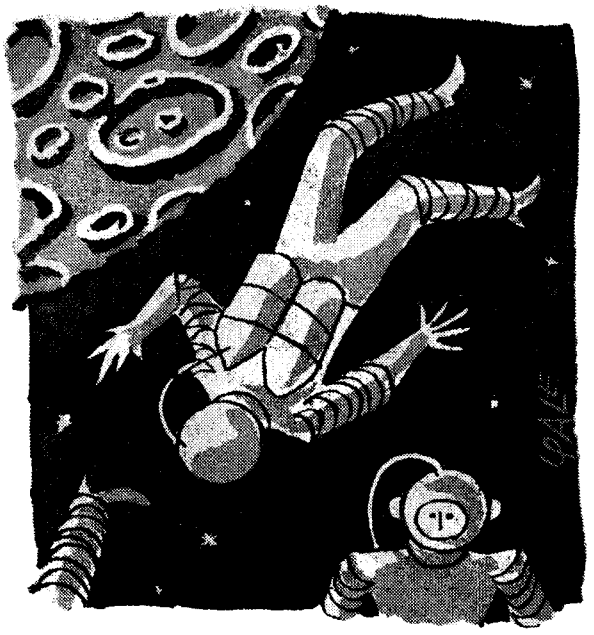
one of the top science-fiction authors—but Isaac Asimov is professor of biochemistry at Boston University School of Medicine, and he knows a very great deal more about biochemistry and the trends in modern biological sciences than Hemingway does. It is the total difference in objective which renders irrelevant and fatuous the "literary criticism" of science-fiction by anyone not himself primarily a science-fictioneer.

Science-fiction is written by technically-minded people, about technically-minded people, for the satisfaction of technically-minded people. And these are *different* human people; they're not supermen or inframen.



". . . how much violence can a human organism stand?"

Let's consider a few examples of the human qualities involved here to get an idea of the points science-fiction tries to put across. There's some highly important research being done now by the Air Force medical department on the problem of survival of the pilot of a jet fighter-plane when he is forced to bail out. How much violence can a human organism stand without coming apart at the seams? How suddenly can a human body be slowed down without coming apart? What happens when human flesh is subjected to a wind of 700 miles per hour? Will a man's eyeballs fall out of his eye-sockets if he is decelerated at 30 Gs?

We're not interested in whether or not a dog's eyes would fall out; dogs don't pilot jet fighters. And it isn't a question of whether a dead man's eyes would fall out; if the pilot is dead there is no further need to worry about saving him. The answer can be determined only by subjecting a living human being to 30 Gs deceleration and seeing whether or not his eyes are torn out.

A COLONEL STAPP is in charge of this research; he and his group built a rocket-driven sled-on-rails to test the problem—and Colonel Stapp willingly allowed himself to be strapped immovably onto that roaring contraption to find out whether his eyes could stay in. They did . . . just barely. Stapp's work was advanced . . . and he won his gamble. But how many of us would be willing to make such a gamble? Can you readily conceive of a New York banker accepting a ride on Colonel Stapp's rocket-sled with the express intent of determining whether or not his eyes would be destroyed? So Colonel Stapp is a superman, perhaps? No. he's not—he's a *differentman*. I suspect that Colonel Stapp cannot understand the superhuman patience that allows the banker to spend all day, every day, week after week and year after year, in the same office, looking at the same kind of figures about the same kind of stocks without going mad. The Stapp type of personality is no more capable of that mind-destroying, soul-blasting, unending grind of routine than the banker is of that soul-wracking, body-tearing, rocket-driven demon Colonel Stapp lovingly labors over. Stapp is a science-fiction hero—in flesh and blood.

Here's another aspect of science-fiction that classical literary values do not touch on. Where classical values hold that human nature is enduring, unchanging, and uniform, science-fiction holds that it is mutable, complex, and differentiated. David Reisman, of the University of Chicago, in discussing sociology has suggested that there are three basic personality types: the Tradition-Directed man, the Inner-Directed, and the Other-Directed. But there's a fourth type that only *appears* to be Inner-Directed. Let's call it the Universe-Directed type.

The first three types are ruled by opinion; the opinion expressed in traditions, their own inner opinions, or the opinions of others. The Universe-Directed type isn't ruled by opinions—he's dominated by the facts of the Universe.

Perhaps the easier way to express it is to consider a research scientist discussing a machine he is trying to build. "I know that the traditions and authorities say it should work; I know my own convictions say it'll work. I suppose that if I took a poll of opinions of other people it would be held that it will work. But there it is, and it doesn't work." The scientist lives hard against the inflexible, rigid facts of the Universe; opinions don't do him the slightest bit of good. It doesn't matter what his opinion is, or what anybody else's opinion is, has been, or will be. The only thing that will make his device work is the Universe's "opinion."

Now for someone who hasn't appreciated this the reactions we get in dealing with scientists are misleading. The scientist will appear from the viewpoint of someone who considers opinion the dominant force in reality—rigid, cold-blooded, emotionless, and authoritarian-dogmatic. He isn't; the Universe is, and he's acting simply as the messenger of the Universe. Accusing the scientist of being cold-blooded or dogmatic is somewhat like the king who had the messenger beheaded for bringing the news that the battle had been lost. There's no point in holding the messenger responsible; you'll only get your own thinking confused. (You'll also start getting messengers who bring nothing but false reports.)

A SCIENCE-FICTION story we ran recently illustrates the situation. It was Tom Godwin's story "The Cold Equations"—and the title is significant. The central character is the pilot of an Emergency Dispatch Ship—an EDS—which is, in essence, a sort of space-parachute for making parachute-drops of emergency supplies from a passing interstellar liner to an expedition exploring a new planet. It's a sort of plastic bubble with a rocket motor and a pilot. They use a human pilot simply because any computer capable of the job would be heavier—and hence more expensive—than the human pilot. This particular EDS drop is intended to bring desperately needed medical serums to an exploration crew on the planet below. They had sent a message calling for help; the nearest interstellar cruiser had turned aside from its regular passage, dropped the little EDS bubble, and then gone on its way.

The pilot discovers that he has a stowaway on board—and the stowaway is a twenty-year-old girl. Her brother is on the expedition below; when she heard of the drop while a

(*Continued on page* 42)

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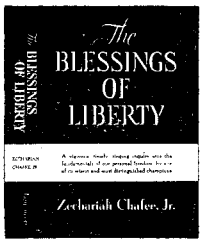

SR's Book of the Week:

"THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY"

By CARL B. SWISHER, *professor of political science, Johns Hopkins.*

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.'s "The Blessings of Liberty" (Lippincott, $5) is published at the end of a decade of dispute about the scope of legitimate government control and the scope of constitutional immunity that makes the "Palmer raids" after World War I and the "deportations delirium" of the early 1920s look like insignificant disturbances. The backwash of World War II, the Cold War with the Soviet bloc, and the consciousness that the world is rapidly "growing smaller" in terms of expanding populations and methods of communication and warfare have created phenomenal pressures for suppression of dissent and insistence upon conformity. Mr. Chafee discusses from many angles the issues involved in the current turmoil.

"The Blessings of Liberty" is a broad and earnest defense of liberty—freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of assembly, freedom of religion. It is also a discriminating reminder that liberty must be defended not merely on the ground that particular restrictions are unconstitutional. "What is constitutional," Mr. Chafee observes, "may still be very unwise." Constitutional prohibitions set only minimum standards of governmental performance. Above that level the standards are determined by the dynamics of democracy. When tangible threats of military power and intangible threats of ideology make the people deeply anxious conditions are created for the use of democratic machinery for abusive restraint.

We have lately witnessed a horrible amount of such abuse by congressional investigating committees, loyalty agencies, and other institutions of government. Much of the time of the Supreme Court has had to be devoted to the question whether in a particular case the abuse violated the restraints specified in the Constitution.

More important, Mr. Chafee points out, is the way American democracy behaves in dealing with the crisis. It was the representatives of the people who enacted such restrictive measures as the Mundt-Nixon bill, later known as the McCarran Act or the Internal Security Act of 1950. It is the representatives of the people who bore unnecessarily into the privacy of witnesses before congressional committees. It is subordinates of the popularly-elected President who wield, oftentimes in undisciplined fashion, the power of the executive branch of the government.

What has democracy done about the performance of its representatives? Most of the invaders of liberty still seem to be in at least moderately good standing. None of those in high office have been dropped from their positions, either by the voters or by the agencies with which they are connected. The limited chastisement of one Senator by the body of his colleagues and the earlier judicial conviction of a ruthless performer in the House of Representatives for misuse of government funds are far too tiny promises that in the future power will be exercised with maximum concern for the rights of those involved.

Mr. Chafee believes that in the matter of liberty and freedom we Americans mean well and perform badly. "We have a sound norm," he writes, "but we deal stupidly with departures from this norm." He is concerned about the swings in the popular mood that permit orgies of suppression, about the lack of discipline and farsightedness on the part of people and their representatives, and about such specific abuses as "the growing inclination to turn spies into heroes." He warns that the dangers of Communist agitation in the United States come not primarily from the small group who make up the Communist Party but from vulnerability to disease in our body politic. "Maggots live in rotten meat." He believes that the body politic can be healthy only when there is freedom of discussion and freedom of belief, only if we are reconciled to reaching wise judgments slowly, through discussions that are usually biased and inadequately informed. He believes, in other words, that, for all its inefficiency and slowness, democracy does work to produce the long-range good of the people, and that a prime goal of a democracy must therefore be the preservation of its methods and its spirit.

—*Walter R. Fleischer.*

THE AUTHOR: On the occasion of the publication of his first book Zechariah Chafee, Jr. described himself as a "conservative, thirty-five-year-old Rhode Islander, steeped in the Roger Williams tradition." Today the age must be multiplied by two but the description still holds, and his career is substantiation: graduation from Brown University; three years with the Builders Iron Foundry, in Providence, of which he is still a director; Harvard Law School; three years in a Providence law firm; three years as an assistant professor of law at Harvard (banking law, trade-marks, equity); thirty-one years as a full professor, and six years as one of six University Professors, with the right to teach in any department of his choice, ending in his retirement next July. "But if I sign some statement to Congress—the Constitution says I can—and there happen to be some leftists on it I'm blasted," he said good-humoredly the other day. Professor Chafee has fashioned a second career out of withstanding the blasters—calmly and conservatively. Besides sixteen books, including "How Human Rights Got Into the Constitution" and "Freedom of Speech and Press," a 1941 revision of his first book, which one critic called the most important publication of the year, he has been a contributor to the old *New York Evening Post,* the *New Republic,* the *Nation,* and the *Atlantic,* and he was one of five delegates to the U.N. Conference on Freedom of Information, in Geneva, a member of a U.N. subcommittee on the same subject, a member of a 1929-1931 commission reporting to the Government on illegal law enforcement, and the drafter of the Federal Interpleader Act of 1936. *The Providence Journal* has credited him with "a knowledge of the literature of freedom probably more massive than that of any other man of his generation," a compliment which a younger, poetically-ambitious Chafee "with all the equipment for writing and nothing to write about" could hardly have anticipated. "I feel the medical people have sort of put it over on us, and that lawyers haven't done enough explaining legal problems," he said. "But in this last book I'm not discussing the Constitution. I'm discussing wisdom." —RICHARD LEMON.

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The Nation's Nerve Center

"The American Presidency," by Clinton Rossiter *(Clothbound: Harcourt, Brace. 175 pp. $2.95. Paperbound, to be published June 14: New American Library. 168 pp. 35¢), is discussed by Denis W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, England.*

By Denis W. Brogan

A REVIEWER seldom finds himself in the difficulty in which I am placed in the face of Clinton Rossiter's new book, "The American Presidency." When I have said that it is wise, scholarly, timely, and that I entirely agree with it, how do I spin out the rest of the review? Nevertheless, the timeliness of the book makes it justifiable to call attention to the fundamental thesis of the book, which is "let well enough alone." Professor Rossiter is that very rare bird in America, a true conservative. He knows that the Presidency is the central political institution of the United States, that it has got to be what it is by a now irreversible process of historical evolution, that the numerous and noisy attempts to undo that evolution are not conservative precautions but radical innovations. For better or worse, the Presidency, the entrusting to one man of vague, vast, undefined, and, only in a loose sense, "constitutional" powers, is in the court of history a *res judicata.* The President has the power of the Roman dictator and the duty of the Roman consuls to see that no harm befalls the Republic—and he is very largely the judge of what is harm and how it is to be averted.

It is the mark of the doctrinaire reactionary (falsely called a conservative) that he firmly denies the truth of these assertions. He falls back on that old ideological cliché, "It oughtn't to be so." Maybe, but as Robert Burns put it: "Facts are chiels that winna ding." It is one of the merits, the many merits of Professor Rossiter's book that he understands why the right-wing ideologies kick against the pricks. They are fighting less the modern Presidency than they are fighting the modern world which accounts for and explains the modern Presidency. And they assert that the fine days of William McKinley or of James Buchanan can be attained by a Constitutional amendment, by a rigorous observation of "the separation of powers" (fundamentalists of the sacred text as they are, many seem to believe that these words can be found in the Constitution). They call on Congress (they have written the courts off as a bad job) to assert itself and save the country from Presidential usurpation, by which they really mean the intrusion of the wicked, annoying, and powerful outside world. For this daydreaming Professor Rossiter has understanding but not sympathy. The devotees of a theory of political reincarnation, with their endless pursuit of a constitutional Bridey Murphy, may be mischievous but that is all. The world will not be remade to suit John T. Flynn or to placate the *manes* of the late Charles Beard.

More serious, and more worthy of respect, are the critics of the modern Presidency who note its preponderance, see the natural causes of that preponderance, know that Hitler and Stalin are among the most important makers of the modern Presidency, but feel that so much power concentrated in the hands of one mortal man, chosen as he is, with constitutional successors chosen as they are, is dangerous, that *somehow, some* restraint must be put on the Presidency. And the usual remedy suggested is some adaptation to the American constitutional system of the English cabinet system. This solution used to be argued for to make the Presidency more effective, to secure harmony between the White House and "the Hill." Nowadays it is usually argued for as a means of sharing responsibility and power, as a means of giving the United States a kind of collegiate executive. It has very recently been advocated by Edward S. Corwin and Louis W. Koenig ("The Presidency Today"), and anything that Professor Corwin says about the Presidency deserves the most respectful attention. And yet I agree with Professor Rossiter that the pursuit of a safer (as distinct from an impotent) Presidency by the imitation of English methods is an *ignis fatuus.* No one has improved on the cogency of the arguments for it and on the ingenuity of the devices for implementing the project suggested, more than a generation ago, by President Wilson of Princeton, and no one has better shown the irrelevance of the remedy and the emptiness of the devices than President Wilson of the United States.

WHATEVER the lawyers and the political projectors do, they run aground for one of two reasons or for both of them. They run aground on the consequences of the unity of the executive power laid down in the Constitution and they run aground on the character of Congress which is in great part a consequence of that unity. It is true that, as Messrs. Corwin and Koenig suggest, the clause of the Constitution describing the executive power may not have been intended to have the character which strong Presidents have assumed that it has and have secured for their office. But Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, the two Roosevelts have not lived in vain. The Presidency has been made more than it has been defined. It is certain that Congress, as a body and as two bodies, the House and Senate, has not developed as James Madison thought it would, but there it is.

Here, timidly, conscious that as a foreigner I may be misunderstanding the whole business, I suggest that it is useless to give to the present Congress more power than it has. What is needed if Congress is to "recover its lost powers" is new senators, new representatives. (The assertion that Congress has lost powers is, of course, deeply unhistorical in the context. It has never had relevant power in the world of NATO, the H-bomb, the Soviet Union. What it did in the world of President Hayes and Secretary Evarts is not to the point.) I think that Professor Rossiter is unkind and unjust to the serious efforts that Congress—at any rate the House—has made to reform its methods. But even if they had gone further and been more successful Congress would still be incapable of playing the part assigned to it in the daydreams of the reactionaries. I shall believe in the effective control of Congress over the H-bomb when I see Senator Eastland deposed from the Judiciary Committee, not because his chairmanship is a dangerous scandal (as it is), but because it makes a mockery of party (and parliamentary) responsibility. McCarran to Kilgore to Eastland; this is "Tinker to Evers to Chance"—with the emphasis on the

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chance. As long as the locality rule prevails, plus the seniority rule, congressional leadership will be only very partially representative even of the political profession in the United States, not to speak of the vast and complex bundle of interests and sentiments that the President must interpret and judge among, if only because no one else can and no one else tries.

Like me (and therefore correctly) Professor Rossiter doubts whether much can be done to change the system of nominating and electing Presidents. The recently killed schemes for dividing up the Presidential electors by districts break down on the total unsuitability of most state legislatures for the job of districting. Binding Presidential primaries assume the existence of a national panel of Presidential candidates which it is the duty of those much maligned bodies the national conventions to draw up. Universal primaries for the purpose of informing the conventions are something else again. (Professor Rossiter rightly is for them.) But it is too late in the day to make Congress genuinely responsible for the national policy. Only the President is or can be. Mr. Truman, so we are told, had a legend on his desk: "The buck stops here." Where the buck stops is where power begins; in the White House, not in the Capitol, where no buck is ever stopped, no corporate responsibility is ever accepted.

Roads to Disarmament

"The Price of Peace, by Charles G. Bolte *(Beacon Press. 108 pp. $2.50), and* ***"Letter to a Generation," by Ralph E. Flanders*** *(Beacon Press. 116 pp. $2.50), are small books that consider the great problems of our times: disarmament, peace, and world government. Here they are reviewed by Louis Fischer, writer on international affairs, whose "This Is Our World" has just been published.*

By Louis Fischer

THE planetary atmosphere is full of disarmament noises. The United Nations Disarmament Subcommittee, for instance, recently met in London. This is its seventy-first meeting in two and one-half years. But if there has been any reduction in armed manpower, no nation has undertaken any intentional reduction in military striking power. Mankind's back is bending under the burden of preparedness for a world war which in the view of a growing number of the best-informed officials and observers may never occur.

Charles G. Bolte's "The Price of Peace" and Ralph E. Flanders's "Letter to a Generation" are two little books (both can be read over a weekend) that tackle the problem of crushing rearmaments head-on and bravely suggest radical remedies. Bolte at thirty-six and Senator Flanders, who is seventy-six, are alike in their idealism and faith in human beings. Bolte is clear, coherent, consistent, honest, and zealous. The Senator from Vermont writes as a highbrow cracker-barrel philosopher might talk, touching on a lot of history and religion in his discursive global sermon to the young and finally alighting on the solid ground where Bolte takes his stand. The Vermonter urges "controlled universal disarmament . . . and a world police force . . . for enforcing the authority of a world court."

"It is the basic proposition of this book," asserts the courageous lawmaker (Americans will long remember how he stood up to his junior colleague from Wisconsin, the now muted McCarthy), that "moral encirclement and a moral offensive are more powerful than dependence primarily on military means." Bolte too is not afraid of being called "utopian": "it is a soft impeachment I am prepared to accept."

Yet neither author is a pacifist. They believe in national armaments until the international solution is found and implemented. Conscious of the obstacles, and under no illusions about Soviet aims and subterfuges, they nevertheless regard total disarmament as possible and as the only ultimate salvation for humanity.

Other books have painted the horrors of nuclear war from which there will be no place to hide. Bolte does a little of that. Other books, and many politicians, have contended that we cannot have disarmament before the major differences which separate the two world camps are first settled. Bolte, however, says he is satisfied to deal with only half the problem—disarmament—and leave a discussion of the settlement to somebody else. But this modest, diplomatic disclaimer cannot disguise his hope that the disarmament plan he presents here will inescapably lead to the settlement of all major issues. For Mr. Bolte, in

"I've been trying to introduce a resolution putting this body on record as holding the idea of a part-time Presidency to be a threat to the orderly functioning of government—but we can't scrape up a quorum!"

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fact, disarmament is *the* means to a settlement, a means to an end, and, though he never mentions the end, there is no mistaking it; it is world government.

Why, in truth, mention world government? If all nations beat their swords into plowshares and possessed no armed forces except for the maintenance of domestic tranquility, and if, as Bolte urges and Flanders implies, the U.N. were the only armed power, it would, in effect, become a world government even without any revision of its charter. "What I am advocating," Bolte confesses, "is not less than a revolution by agreement" —agreement on total, universal disarmament enforced by a vetoless disarmament commission with teeth in the form of atom bombs, artillery, tanks, an army, a navy, etc.

From 1949 to 1952 Bolte was attached to the United States Mission to the U.N. and there had a close look at past and current disarmament efforts. He puts no trust in limited, unenforceable disarmament. He considers the Soviet idea of stationing international inspectors at ports, railway junctions, and airfields, as well as President Eisenhower's proposal for mutual aerial photography inadequate and ineffective because "there is so much atomic fuel in the world as to make it impossible for an international control and inspection system to guard against clandestine stockpiling of atomic weapons." This makes nonsense of the Soviet and neutralist campaigns to ban nuclear and thermonuclear weapons. They could be concealed easily.

"Inspection," Bolte insists, "is not enforcement." Suppose U.N. inspectors

(*Continued on page* 39)

The Meaning of America

"The United States in History," by James T. Shotwell *(Simon & Schuster. 234 pp. $3.50), is a commentary on our national heritage by a distinguished elder historian. It is reviewed here by Richard D. Heffner, editor of "A Documentary History of the United States."*

By Richard D. Heffner

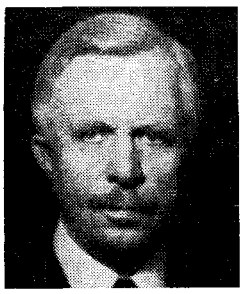
"NOT history, but a commentary on it, notes along the margin of a theme too vast and too magnificent to be crowded into a few pages of hurried text." In such a manner does James T. Shotwell, dean of American historians, describe "The United States in History," his new volume of essays on the American heritage. And it is essentially heritage—not history—that here concerns Dr. Shotwell. This is *not* a history of the United States. It is the story of the United States *in* history, a story of her continuing search for peace and freedom down through the centuries. Dates, figures, battles, the usual minutiae of history writing—these concern Dr. Shotwell less than the larger picture of those sweeping themes and seminal ideas that compose the American heritage and point up the meaning of the United States in history, her meaning for the future as well as in the past.

As a nation's history encompasses *all* of its past—its moments of brutality along with its moments of humanity, its adulation of demagogues along with its respect for true personal greatness, its advocacy of human bondage along with its defense of liberty—just so its heritage primarily consists only of that dominant hard core of ideas, ideals, and principles that truly gives it character, that distinguishes it from all other nations.

Tomorrow looms very large in Dr. Shotwell's book—with science and the technological improvements it has brought us emerging as our last frontier. For "the greatest event in the world today is not the awakening of Asia nor the rise of Communism—vast and portentous as those events are. It is the advent of a new way of living, due to science, a change in the conditions of work and in the structure of society."

Science—as knowledge—in the past two or three centuries has helped man progress more than he had in the eons before. Unquestionably, the millennium stretches far before us, as Russia's Iron Curtain and one that we might draw around ourselves as well threaten the pace of science's process.

"Humanity is on the march," Dr. Shotwell writes, "and America's task in the future, as in the past, will be to continue in what essentially has been the path of enlightenment." Clearly, it is Dr. Shotwell's faith that she shall.



—Conway Studios, Inc.

FEW of the country's historians can look back on a more distinguished career than can James T. Shotwell, whose latest volume of fact and commentary, "The United States in History," is reviewed above. For, at eighty-one, Dr. Shotwell has long combined the lives of a poet and a peacemaker as well as those of a scholar and a statesman.

As a young professor at Columbia he early played a part in freeing the subject of history from the hitherto dry-as-dust Victorian treatment of that subject. Then he began to seek freedom—and peace—for the principal subject of that history, man himself. At the Versailles Peace Conference he became chief of the division of history of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace and a member of the International Labor Legislation Commission. Shortly afterward he became a trustee and director of the division of economics and history of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. From 1932 until World War II he was president of the League of Nations Association in the U.S. From 1942 to 1944 he served as a consultant to the State Department Planning Committee for the U.N. and also as a member of the five-man committee which prepared the blueprint for the Dumbarton Oaks Conference—a blueprint which served as the basis for the U.N.'s organization structure. When World War II ended he became chairman of the board of the newly established United Nations Association, which was campaigning for U.S. participation in the United Nations. In 1949 he became president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace—an organization which he now serves as president emeritus. Reviewing his latest volume Gerald W. Johnson has asked: "Who among us is the man that he used to be except those too blind and too deaf to have any perception of what has happened to us and the world in the past half century. . .?" The answer to that question may well be, curiously enough, Dr. Shotwell himself, for in his eighty-one years he has never ceased to astonish the world and there seems to be little doubt that he will continue to do so for some time to come.

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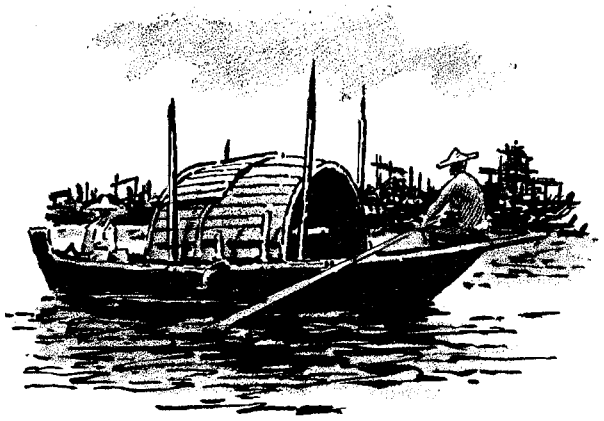

—E. W. Bartlett.

". . . in a world where 'not even a god was safe any more'."

The Fabulous Family

"For All We Know," by G. B. Stern *(Macmillan. 256 pp. $3.50), is an amusing book about an amusing family.*

By Ben Ray Redman

G. B. STERN has long since proved herself a clever writer, and at her best something more than clever. In "For All We Know" we have her cleverness, but not, I think, the something more. We have entertainment of a kind that we enjoy lightly and take leave of lightly, with hardly a retrospective thought.

Miss Stern had the amusing idea of writing an amusing book about an amusing family, one member of which would be engaged in writing a book about the same family; and she has carried out her project amusingly enough, although it must be said that she gets off to a start so ingeniously confusing that it can be clarified only by reference to a genealogical chart, and contrives an ending that is not likely to satisfy or even convince many readers. She manipulates her creatures with keen enjoyment of the foibles with which she has endowed them, and she does not hesitate to make brief auctorial comments on both action and character. Her manner is confidential, her tone humorous, her words witty.

Gillian Aylesford, who at the age of fourteen is beginning to write the book within a book, belongs to what she calls the failure branch of The Family. She scarcely ever knew her father and mother, whose undistinguished lives were ended by an accident. Her grandfather, founder of the failure branch, is an actor who has done better in the provinces than in London; her Uncle Conrad is a professional singer of sentimental ballads; her Aunt Phoebe has slipped into the obscurity of a commonplace marriage in some northern county, where she is engaged in the production of children. It is all very dull on the failure side of The Family, and Gillian is acutely aware of the dulness. But on the other side, consisting of two generations of cousins named Lessamy, there is success enough to dazzle any child and most adults; and among these cousins—the older of whom she calls "Aunt" and "Uncle"—Gillian is a frequent visitor, sometimes petted, more usually tolerated, often snubbed.

There is Aunt Bettina, once involved in a mysterious international scandal from which she has emerged as one of London's most brilliant hostesses. There is Uncle Charles, whose acting in private life is no less polished, no less easy, than on the West End stage where he reigns as an idol. There is Aunt Dagmar, fearfully clever, who once wrote a fearfully clever book. There is Timothy, destined to become a Hollywood star and, at one stage of Gillian's life, a "must" for Gillian. There is Rendal, least successful of all the Lessamys, but the best of the boiling, whom Gillian marries twice.

We watch the largely egotistical interplay of these characters as they develop under Gillian's maturing eyes, and the performance of the entire cast, including Gillian, through the eyes of Miss Stern. It all adds up to brittle comedy. But the stuff of tragedy lies just below the smiling surface.

Soldiers and Civilians

"A Long Way From Home and Other Stories," by Vern Sneider *(G. P. Putnam. 256 pp. $3.50), is a new volume of short stories by the author of "The Teahouse of the August Moon."*

By William Peden

THE wry humor and genial satire which characterized Vern Sneider's first novel, "The Teahouse of the August Moon," are noticeably absent from his new collection of eight short stories. "A Long Way from Home" contains some very competent pieces and some extremely inept ones. Those who know this young American's work only through John Patrick's prize-winning dramatic adaptation of "The Teahouse" are likely to find much of the present volume a rather sad disappointment.

Among the best of these tales of soldiers and civilians is the original version of Mr. Sneider's second novel, "A Pail of Oysters." I am unable to judge the accuracy of the author's picture of a Chinese peasant and his life in post-World War II Formosa, but I am convinced and moved by it. Here, in a world where "not even a god was safe any more," Mr. Sneider writes with skill and apparent understanding. Li Liu's life is one of grinding poverty; he accepts hardship, hunger, violence, and the ravages of China's Save-the-Country Army as his natural lot. But he is a man of inherent savage nobility and looks forward to a better way of life in a world where "a man would not have to run through the night, risking his life at every step . . . [and] a man would live without fear with the one of his choice."

Equally effective, though less ambitious, is "The Box," a tense and disturbing characterization of a drugged and combat-scarred Chinese professional soldier in Korea. This man believes in two things only: his rifle and the box of opium he carries into combat. He fights for no cause, no belief. He makes his last charge only because he fears a bullet in the back from his commanding officer.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Sneider's Americans are less convincing than his Orientals. Characteristic is Johnny Davis, hero of the long, inept, and silly "Even the Leopard." Johnny, a former infantryman, hard-boiled, is a big-time operator in wartime Seoul. He possesses houses and villas, gardeners and cooks, house boys and ricksha boys, "yet . . . he knew they

(*Continued on page* 40)

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New Age in New Guinea

***"New Lives for Old," by Margaret Mead** (William Morrow. 548 pp. $6.75), is an account of the culture transformation that has taken place among the Manus in the twenty-five years since the noted anthropologist visited them to write her "Growing Up in New Guinea." Our reviewer is Clyde Kluckhohn, professor of anthropology at Harvard.*

By Clyde Kluckhohn

IN THE twenty-six years since the publication of Margaret Mead's "Growing Up in New Guinea" hundreds of thousands have read her study of a small group of Melanesians. In its various editions the book has been standard fare for educators, psychologists and psychiatrists, social workers, and the intellectually curious generally. To a very large audience details of Manus life have become more familiar than the cultures of nearer and "more important" peoples.

This is an extraordinary circumstance. Equally startling is what happened to the Manus in the twenty-five years between Dr. Mead's two visits. A million Americans passed through the naval base in this area during World War II. The Manus were a focal point for the development in 1946 of a dramatic religious movement, the "cargo cult," which was carefully considered in high councils of the Roman Catholic Church and of the United Nations.

In part "New Lives for Old" is written for the social scientist and for all those who are interested in the contribution of social science to the understanding of the contemporary world and its future. There is a careful re-

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Margaret Mead, small Islanders (1928).

evaluation of the earlier book—of what the author failed to see and to foresee in 1928 and of how much of this might have been different had she had available then the social-science experience and systematic theory that was accessible to her in 1953. Yet she returned to Manus primarily "not to demonstrate, not to test, developed theory, but to find out something new, something about the actual process of change which can occur in one generation." As would be expected by those who know Dr. Mead's work, there is excellent material on such varied topics as child training, sex, nutrition, social organization, religion, and personal life histories (notably on Paliau, the "prophet" of "the new way," a man with the capacity "to lead millions.") There are also many photographs both from the first study and the re-study.

These things will also interest the general reader because the story is exciting and vividly written. But the general reader may remember longer the comparisons of various facets of his own culture with Manus, Australian, Japanese, and other cultures. The American, weary and irritated by the lampooning of his way of life by friends and enemies, will probably be heartened to learn that the Manus experienced Americans "as a people whose relationships to each other were casteless and classless, where each man treated each other as a human being." This book throughout is passionately cheerful both about American culture and the future of the whole world:

> This book is firmly set against such pessimism. It is based on the belief that American civilization is not simply the last flower to bloom on the outmoded tree of European history, doomed to perish in a common totalitarian holocaust, but something new and different. . . . Perhaps this [the Manus'] response to American culture will seem the most confusing and unexpected of all, not only to Europeans and Asians, but to those Americans who have incorporated negative criticisms of our culture. Non-materialism, valuing human life above property —how can any people have learned such a thing from the American army . . . ?

Islander now grown and new Islander (1953).

Most of all "New Lives for Old" speaks as a case history on a vast process about which all thoughtful people must be concerned. How can we and other "advanced" societies so deal with "under-developed areas" that these populations will not be left "stranded between the old and the new"? How can types of education be evolved that will make changing patterns less traumatic? How can we and other peoples produce individuals

> who, because they know that each great culture and each great religious or political system is one among many great human experiments, are able to espouse, to love, and to cherish one of these solutions, without the need for fanaticism and without vulnerability to sudden conversion.

And the reviewer agrees that this unique little experiment of the Manus cannot be shrugged off with the statement that one swallow does not make a summer. "All men are brothers," say the Manus, "black, white, green, red men, all are brothers." This and other facts and attitudes from the far-off world of islands are universally meaningful. As Margaret Mead says in conclusion:

> The Manus have entered the modern world. As Manus their humanity is dependent upon the preservation, in some sort of identified wholeness, of the small communities which they have built. In this respect they do not yet belong, nor do most members of the human race, to the age of the air, when the world becomes one great highway, and in any inn along the way there must be room and welcome for each and every guest.

When Dr. Mead left all houses in the village of Peri beat the death drums as they had in 1928. They said to her, "Now, like an old turtle, you are going out into the sea to die and we will never see you again." Yet, in the wider and more symbolic sense, they might better have spoken of life rather than death, for the book that they and Margaret Mead produced has a flourishing freshness.

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Literate Biology

"Life, the Great Adventure," by Jean Rostand and Paul Bodin *(translated by Alan Houghton Broderick, Charles Scribner's Sons. 228 pp. $3.50), is a collection of discussions about human biology intended for the layman. Carroll Lane Fenton, our reviewer, is the author of "Our Amazing Earth" and other books.*

By Carroll Lane Fenton

HEARSAY science—the kind on which most of us rely—is replete with marvels and might-be wonders of human biology. Man, we hear, may become immortal, or may use hormones to stretch his normal life span to 100 or 120 years. The sex of babies will be predetermined, fathers will become superfluous, cancer will be cured by the mind, and operations on the brain will turn ordinary men into mental giants. If that is too costly, a substitute job can be done by means of chemicals.

Such rumors have great appeal and do proportionate harm. Most research workers are too busy to attack these [illegible]ortions or to explain [illegible] of studies from [illegible]e derived. For- [illegible]ologist (Jean [illegible]ifically trained [illegible]lin) undertook [illegible] of broadcasts [illegible] network. Their [illegible]slated, have become a book called "Life, the Great Adventure."

Beginning with the question of life's origin, which is still unanswered, it ends with the ideal of human equality, which may never be achieved. Between these limits the authors present an amazing amount of information on such subjects as evolution, the foetalization of man, the non-inheritance of acquired characters, and the chemical basis of love. Other significant topics include the genetic basis for woman's biologic success, the importance of hormones to human well-being, and the reasons for a decline in disease. Most of the information presented is up-to-date and significant; though the authors are optimists, they are not sensational. Even flamboyant falsehoods are treated with dignity. Instead of being merely debunked they are explained away.

It is unfortunate, however, that the book retains the limitations of its original form. Even the best broadcast is restricted by time, the impatience of listeners, and the need to arouse their lagging attention by sudden changes of subject and pace. All these make for restricted, jumpy, and inadequate treatment of complex and unfamiliar topics. Such treatment may satisfy the reader who wants his science in small capsules that can be swallowed easily even though they may not be digested. Others will wish the authors had added sixty or more pages of text and a list of books and articles containing further information. Those additions would have called for a measure of mental effort, but they would have been valuable.

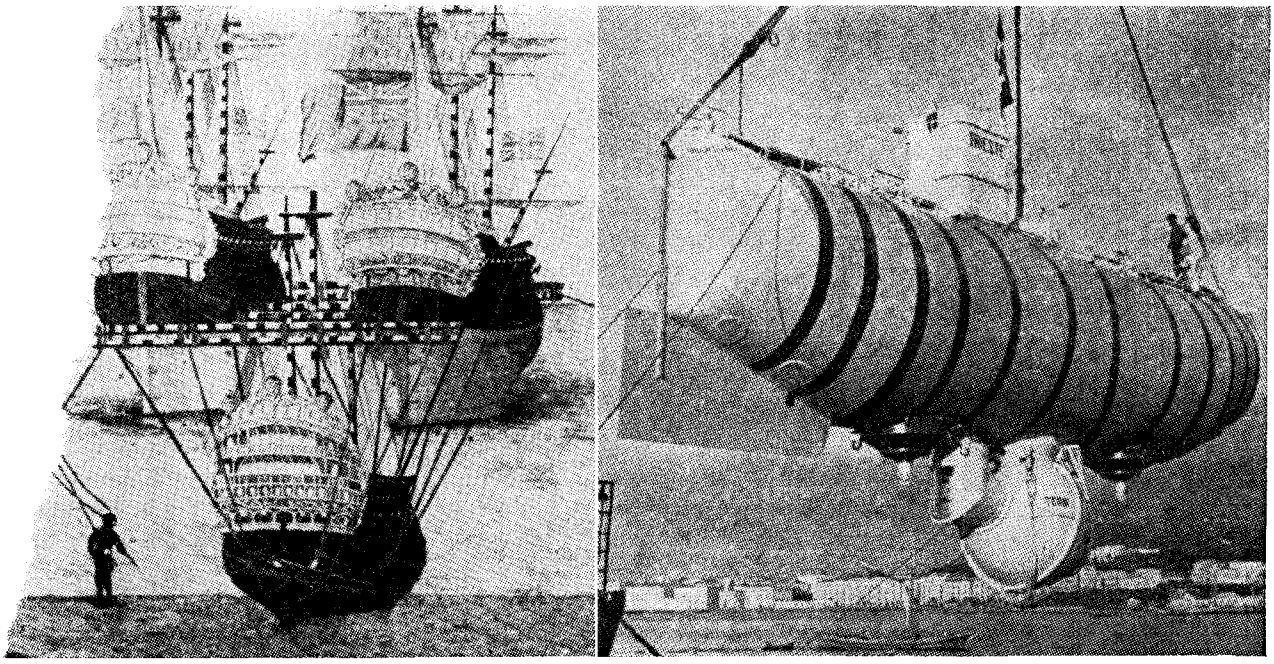
Beneath the Brine

"Man Under the Sea," by James Dugan *(Harper. 332 pp. $5), is a rich omnibus about underwater adventure, to be read and referred to. Our reviewer is Eugenie Clark, director of the Cape Haze Marine Laboratory in Florida.*

By Eugenie Clark

THE many avid fans of underwater adventure will welcome James Dugan's "Man Under the Sea." Mr. Dugan has pieced together the reports, anecdotes, and yarns published in magazine articles and books during the last few years to form the most complete anthology on the progress man has made in underwater exploration since the war. Such recent feats as man's "free dives" to more than 300 feet with compressed air cylinders carried on his back, and to 350 feet in a free dive while breathing helium; the televising of the wreck of the British Comet jet sunk in 600 feet; the descent inside a bathyscaphe to 13,000 feet; photography at 18,000 feet; dredging of animals from 34,000 feet, and echo-sounding the deepest ocean abyss at 35,847 feet—these are described as well as the valuable contribution to marine biology, submarine geology, and geology made by diving scientists, photographers, and other skin-diving enthusiasts.

American readers who have followed the literature of underwater adventure—the first-hand reporting



—*From "Man Under the Sea."*

successful attempt to raise the 108-gun *Royal George* at Spithead (1783) and Prof. Auguste Piccard's bathyscaphe, the *Trieste.*

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of Philippe Tailliez ("To Hidden Depths"), Folco Quilici ("The Blue Continent"), Otis Barton ("The World Beneath the Sea"), Cousteau and Dumas ("The Silent World"), and the unsurpassed master writer in the field, William Beebe ("Half Mile Down," etc.)—will find many of Mr. Dugan's stories familiar. But in retelling them Mr. Dugan gives them freshness by the way he integrates them with new material he has gathered from personal interviews, investigations of his own into related fields now opening, and not-so-familiar facts and anecdotes he has dug up for himself.

Mr. Dugan writes dramatically yet carefully. On the whole he gives the reader an accurate and fair delineation of a field of exploration that has all too often been subjected to exaggerations and misrepresentations by such writers as Hans Hass. And he is not prone to the long-winded philosophical tirades and loosely-founded speculations that fill parts of Philippe Diolé's books. One gets the impression that he has spent a great deal of time and effort in gathering, organizing, and trimming down a vast amount of material in order to make the work as comprehensive, authoritative, and entertaining as possible. For the soundness of its information and the intelligence of its presentation his book approaches the fine journalistic reporting of Lincoln Barnett.

Mr. Dugan writes of man's activities under the sea in other times as well as the present—of the development of submarines and submarine warfare, of the eerie sport of cave-diving, of treasure-hunting and salvage (a section of which supports Captain Craig's discourse of the same subject in his "Danger Is My Business," which over-

(*Continued on page* 43)

VERSE

Prelude to Conclusion

"Section: Rock-Drill 85-95 de los cantares," by Ezra Pound *(New Directions. 107 pp. $3), is the latest section of its author's monumental work.*

By Dudley Fitts

WITH THE ten "cantares" in "Section: Rock-Drill 85-95 de los cantares" Ezra Pound's enormous poem, which has been work in progress ever since the grade-school days of those of us who are now becoming decrepit, moves darkly towards its reputedly announced completion of one hundred and twelve cantos. Or if rumor is delusive, as it has often been in the past, one can say at any rate that there are signs of finality in this book, an iteration of themes and verbal patterns, a narrowing down, a concentration—devices that suggest the imminence of what musicians call *stretto*. "Rock Drill" is indeed, and unflatteringly, the hammering into the head of the few basic ideas upon which Pound's "Cantos" are built—theories of politics, economics, history, comparative literature, esthetics, and personal animus. Although the publisher's comparison to the immensities of the "Paradiso" is probably optimistic, there is no denying the Dantean force and lucidity of such passages as possess lucidity enough for a man to be able to evaluate the force. That decipherable passages are to be found less often in this book than in the "Pisan Cantos" preceding it is one of the disappointments in what should have been a signal event. I should suppose few readers will put down the poems without the painful suspicion that what has been drilling at their lithic heads is a bore of uncommon proportions and confused direction.

It is no mere act of love or faith that carries one as far as one can go with the new "Cantos." There is evidence—not on every page, alas, nor on every other page—that Pound is still "the best workman," as Eliot asserted in the dedication of "The Waste Land." The flashes are as compelling as ever:

> and where was nothing
> now is furry assemblage
> and in the boughs now are voices
> gray wing, black wing, black wing
> shot with crimson—

but they are flashes
unsustaining. An
these are, afte
something in t
the rigors of
next to impo
opacity of these
argument at all.
because the poet h
so much of his arg
ideograms. He has
though less lavishly, an
points out, the meani
grams is generally in th
nearly legible text. Th
the (I suppose) Egypt
at the beginning of C
dieval musical notati
and the fragments of G
other languages disje
throughout the text—th
mal level, which is a
are romantic doodles—
pulsion of a man so fasc
contours of a Greek wor
constantly jotting it dow
lopes and tablecloths anc
skulls of his children.

At a higher level they
spond to a higher intention.
pride in not knowing Chine
am certain that Pound is not
me or any other reader
greater learning; hence it is no
verted snobbishness that ma
suspect the essential justice
esoteric manner. I am not pers

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

APPELLATIVE ALLITERATION

Here are the first names of twenty authors, each of whose surnames begins with the same letter as the given name (free samples: William Wordsworth, Edward Eggleston). Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to complete the place-cards. Anyone supplying correct conclusions not found in the printed answers (on page 40) should consider himself on the ball.

1. Björnstjerne
2. Carl
3. Carlo
4. Countée
5. Daniel
6. Ebenezer
7. Frances
8. Graham
9. Hatcher
10. Lucy
11. Ludwig
12. Margaret
13. Maurice
14. Merle
15. Merrill
16. Oliver
17. Romain
18. Siegfried
19. Stephen
20. Torquato

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paper
this of
by me when I can respond, though
as in- accidentally; for example, I
h his with Homer to remember that
a ing, Ino-Leucothoê, saved
C I and his sinking raft by tossing
h I'll take no
c -re- and now I find her dart-
j among the ideograms, a
f the rocky in an epigram that
-en- have envied: "My bikini
d that he is raft." Elsewhere she
say, "Get rid of para- -
I think enough about like the com-
properties of rafts and -mittedly low,
-ese, at the nor- properties of bikinis, I
have grasped a strand; stream
and Latin, and -ript is that in a Rock
tion in Canto 91, -ction of intent, there
to 93, the me- much "but." If the
to be more than a -rian hieroglyphs
Chinese, like se time that the poem
(to me) more -sion that will impose
of the ideo- itself in, to gather to-
as he himself whole. But there is no
this will occur. one, before
-rpose to vindicate -rument in Chinese
set, though such a chosen to present
be wholly out t This is not entirely
If the "Cantos" -rigors, to turn to the
spect that his- them so—they -sible, because of the
-t's own terms, -rgument, one finds it
he nature of relief from failure. Cold
all, lyric interludes, if one theorizes that
failure may ex- unsustained and
ceed in ultimate value the numberless successes of lesser men. "Finnegans Wake" is an instance of this. As in that incomparable book, the great moments of comedy and pathos attain heights that I do not find equaled elsewhere in English prose, so it may be that the "Cantos," considered necessarily as fragments, are rich in passages of the true poetry to which we constantly return for refreshment and clarification. I mean simply to record my disappointment at finding that 85-95 are not of that order.

Ezra Pound—"still 'the best workman'."

Love and the Seasons

***"The Scattered Causes," by Samuel French Morse** (Allen Swallow. 62 pp. $2.50), deals for the most part with New England and its people, life close to nature and to the hearthside.*

By John Holmes

FEW ready-made book titles so fully and associatively describe a poet's purposes as this from Sir Thomas Browne's lines, "Rally the scatter'd causes, and that line/Which Nature twists, be able to untwine." Wallace Stevens wrote an introduction to Samuel French Morse's first book "Time of Year," and Morse, as literary adviser to the estate of the older poet is preparing a volume of the posthumous poems and a critical biography. But what Stevens said of that book is true of Morse's new one, "The Scattered Causes": "He writes about his own people and his own objects as closely as possible according to his own perception. This rectitude characterizes everything that he does." Thus Morse stands up well to two measures.

His "inside" poems in the first section include some thoughtful ones about war and the war, and he writes quietly, directly, with the dignity of plainness, in "Siste, Viator," a poem in memory of his father. Man untwisting nature's line we see in "A Garland of Snow for Christmas," three sonnets saying that "the heart defines Our weather's course." Morse's outward scene is New England, and its people his own people. He has made a minor regional classic in "Creatures Like Chameleons," which although it hardly sounds like it is a poem about the parades going on all through Massachusetts on Memorial Day, or the Fourth of July. "They are nothing," the subtitle says, "in which it is not possible to believe." Morse believes in the parades, the people who wait for them, and their rich and casual memories of the past.

The seasons come alive again in his poems, the yellow days and the white days, goldenrod and snow. But they pass; his poems almost all turn the season downward toward its end, a slow movement, "The change of earth that is our flesh and bone." "Burning the Hay" breathes a more pungent air off the page, hazes with more weed and August color of field and acrid fragrance than some of the others. This air, but in a later season, the hunter-poet takes in as he walks through a day "more like hope than anything, But worth his faith," to learn and understand the lesson of "The Source." This is the best poem in the book for being the best Morse, and it discovers in the known immediate the grace and mortal good this poet searches for.

Six "Poems for Jane" close the book. Here the love expressed is a rounding-out of the whole intent, and the scattered causes rally indoors, where the two are "settled with change that we attend/As householders their daily good." As the poet notes the seasons' change and the changes of the world in his "outside" poems, he reconciles them in his human life by bringing them inside the house of love and inside the poet's mind.

CONTEMPORARY FOLKLORE: It is unusual that a magazine devoted to contemporary poetry should flirt with the popular muse, but the current number of *The Beloit Poetry Journal* brings us forty examples of orally circulated verse. **"A Folk Song Chapbook,"** collected by Marion Kingston (Beloit Poetry Journal, $2.50), does not, however, quite live up to its billing; some of the pieces are not songs ("William A-Trembletoe" is a counting-out rhyme), and some of the songs, originating in college or music hall, have not really become the property of the folk. Nor is Miss Kingston the chief collector, for her seventeen pieces are supplemented by twenty-three from the files of Professor Marjorie Kimmerle, the well-known University of Colorado folklorist.

The collection contains versions of ballads as old as "The Marriage of the Frog and the Mouse" (here transformed into "Mouse went a-courtin' "), and bits of rhyme as contemporary as

> Heigh-ho Silver everywhere
> Tonto's lost his underwear.
> Tonto says, "Me no care,
> Lone Ranger buy me brand new pair."

Among the more zestful songs are "True Blue Bill," an Ozark example of tall talk, and "Five Old Ladies," a ribald account of women "locked in a lavatory . . . from Monday to Saturday." "Tyin' Knots in the Devil's Tail" combines the derring-do of the western cowboy with an old folklore motif which was originally concerned with the gelding of the Devil.

Good as some of these songs are, it is unfortunate that the tunes for only a few are named and no music is supplied. One regrets, too, that the collection scatters its force through the planless variety of song types and the absence of discriminating editorial comment. —CLAUDE SIMPSON.

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The Dynamic Works of Our Time

"Books That Changed the World," by Robert B. Downs *(Clothbound, American Library Association. 200 pp. $2.25. Paperbound, New American Library Mentor Book. 200 pp. 35¢), is a summary of sixteen books in the fields of science and social science that have shaped the course of modern history. Gordon G. Dupee of the Great Books Foundation reviews it below.*

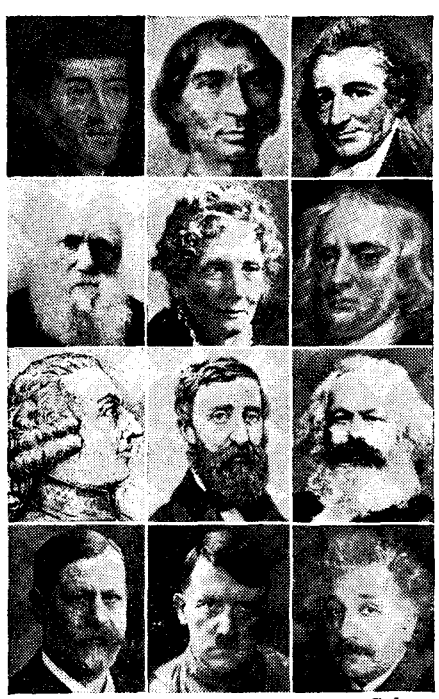
By Gordon G. Dupee

ROBERT B. DOWNS, author of "Books That Changed the World," has undertaken to prove a most difficult thesis: "that books, rather than being futile, harmless, and innocent, are frequently dynamic, vital things, capable of changing the entire direction of events. . . ." Within the time limit from the Renaissance down to the twentieth century he has chosen sixteen works restricted to the fields of science and social science: Machiavelli's "The Prince," Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Thomas Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population," Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Marx's "Das Kapital," Mahan's "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," Mackinder's "The Geographical Pivot of History," Hitler's "Mein Kampf," Copernicus's "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium," Harvey's "De Motu Cordis," Newton's "Principia Mathematica," Darwin's "Origin of the Species," Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams," Einstein's "Relativity, the Special and General Theory."

Let it be said at the outset that Mr. Downs has done a remarkably balanced and clean job in representing in the strongest light the salient contributions of each of these works. There is a lively balance, also, between ideas and biographical anecdotes, with perhaps too heavy a suggestion occasionally of causal connection from the latter to the former. Mr. Downs is not unmindful that one might quarrel with the particular work of the author which he chose as most influential: "Das Kapital" rather than "The Communist Manifesto"; in the case of Thoreau "Civil Disobedience" rather than "Walden"—or, for that matter, Socrates and "The Apology" of Plato in place of Thoreau for its effect on Gandhi and passive resistance.

However, of the making of lists there is no end. Downs has carefully circumscribed himself within two fields and a time scope to treat of those works he believes "have exerted the most profound influence on history, economics, culture, civilization, and scientific thought . . ." whether for good or ill. As they exclude the works of religion, philosophy, and literature, it is not surprising that, with the exception of Machiavelli and Thoreau possibly, these sixteen works would not be read and remembered for their style and beauty.

This brings us to Downs's central thesis—that books *are* capable of changing the entire direction of events. In this matter, while the rhetoric remains resonant throughout, almost persuasive, there is much quavering in the logic. Does a book *cause* a new motion in the flow of history or does it *reflect* movement already underway but not widely perceivable? Always an intriguing perturbation. The title of this study indicates the former is the author's conviction. However, in many instances he seems something less than persuaded by his own title. In one place he clearly denies it: "It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the times produced the book in nearly every instance. In some other historical epoch the work would either not have been producer at all, or if it had appeared would have attracted little attention." Some further doubt is cast upon the book's thesis when the author writes in successive paragraphs of his introduction: "England was ready for a vast expansion of her commercial and industrial economy when Adam Smith was writing his 'Wealth of Nations'. . . . Adam Smith and Karl Marx, to illustrate, were dead when the importance of their books was perceived." While not contradictory, there is ambiguity here as to cause and effect.



—*Culver.*

Nicholas Copernicus, Niccolò Machiavelli, Thomas Paine, Charles R. Darwin, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Isaac Newton, Adam Smith, Henry David Thoreau, Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, Adolf Hitler, Albert Einstein.

EXCEPT for "Common Sense," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Mein Kampf" none of the sixteen works was a best-seller in its own time. If so, how did they exert such influence? Downs suggests their influence "has resulted from interpretation by experts. . . . The answer to the question is that the mass of people obtain ideas second-hand, predigested by way of a filtering-down process through such media as popularizations in book form, magazines and newspapers, classroom lessons, public lectures, and, in recent years, radio, television, and motion pictures." There is, I am afraid, a good deal of horrible truth in that statement, especially in the part to the effect that "the mass of people obtain ideas second-hand."

Such statements seem to place Downs in the position of reviving a "great-man" theory of history, with the "great men" in this case the experts and the mass media. In a sense, Downs's book fits in precisely with this conception; it is an effort to give the mass of people the ideas contained in these sixteen works, second-hand. If it serves to whet an appetite for the source itself, well and good; if it serves, however, as a substitute, a digest slaking the thirst, well. . . .

While Mr. Downs hardly proves his thesis that books have been powerful shapers of history, he has put his finger, in passing, on a deep concern: Are books becoming even less effective forces in our present-day world of mass media and galloping flight from literacy? Admittedly many of these works are technical, lacking in wide appeal or literary attractiveness. Are we, however, aiding and abetting the decline and fall of books by our easy willingness to read books about books? Books may not in themselves have changed the world; the question is, Can they? Only if they are read widely and well.

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—*Toulouse-Lautrec.*

Oscar Wilde—"affirmating verdict."

Making a Masterpiece

"The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde *(New York Public Library. Vol. 1, 184 pp. Vol. 2, 372 pp. $20), reproduces the original manuscript and the corrected typescript of the play, allowing readers to study the shaping of a comic masterpiece. William W. Appleton of Columbia's English department reviews it here.*

By William W. Appleton

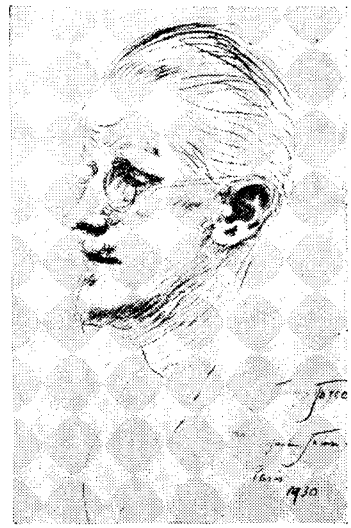
"MY DEAR Aleck, it was charming," remarked Oscar Wilde to Sir George Alexander, actor-manager of the St. James Theatre, where Wilde's last and greatest comedy had just had its brilliant premiere. "Do you know, from time to time I was reminded of a play I once wrote myself. It was called 'The Importance of Being Earnest'." More than mere facetiousness prompted the remark. It was an open secret that Wilde's constant interruptions during the last fortnight of rehearsals so provoked Alexander that he had finally prevailed upon the author to absent himself from the theatre until the opening. During those two weeks Alexander undertook the final cutting and polishing of one of the true gems of English comedy. The New York Public Library's handsome two-volume edition of Wilde's original manuscript and a corrected typescript of the play now gives us the chance to study the shaping of a masterpiece.

Its publication raises once again the complex problem of the relationship of the author and director to the finished play. One would give much to know of the conferences between Shakespeare and Burbage or Congreve and Betterton. Occasionally, we are given an insight into this problem. In his "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," issued with both the original and final versions of the third act, Tennessee Williams has paid glowing tribute to director Elia Kazan's suggestions. Much has been and will be written on the merits of Kazan's contributions. The contributions of Joshua Logan to those plays which he has directed serve as still another example. Did William Inge's simple midsummer idyll ("Picnic") benefit or not from its transformation into the priapic afternoon of a faun? But the problem of whether the director should be an independent creator or the slave of the dramatist is, after all, secondary. Only one question must be answered. In its final version has the play been improved? In the case of "The Importance of Being Earnest" one can, I think, render the verdict Yes.

Originally, the story goes, Wilde contemplated writing a comedy of double identity in the eighteenth-century manner. He preserved the essence of this in the Jack-Earnest imposture, but a number of eighteenth-century features were discarded in the course of altering and polishing the script. In judging these versions one can see how Wilde tightened a phrase, pointed an epigram, and gave rein to his invention. But one suspects from a comparison of these two versions with the final version that to Alexander belongs much of the credit for its final shape.

During those last two weeks he pruned the text from four acts to three. In the course of his cutting he deprived us, it is true, of some amusing moments, such as that in the last scene when Miss Prism, leafing through a volume in search of the name of Jack's father, the General, remarks: "To me . . . you have given two copies of the Price Lists of the Civil Service. I do not find generals marked anywhere. There either seems to be no demand or no supply." But these are chips that the diamond cutter must sometimes necessarily sacrifice. Where Wilde was content at times to be a second-rate Goldsmith, Sheridan, or even a second-rate Wilde, it was Alexander who helped him to realize the importance of being Oscar.

JOYCE WORK IN PROGRESS: An early draft of a masterpiece is interesting even if only because it exhibits the genesis of the final work. If, in addition, it shows the writer using a different technique and point of view with great artistry, then it has that extra virtue. Both these conditions occur in a long fragment of James Joyce's **"Stephen Hero"** (New Directions, $4), the unpublished book from



—*Augustus John.*

James Joyce—"extra virtue."

which Joyce developed his "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." This fragment was first edited from manuscript in 1944 by the late Theodore Spencer; now another episode is added by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon.

The complete "Portrait" starts with the "nicens little boy named baby tuckoo" being told a story about a moocow, and ends when Stephen leaves Ireland determined (as he writes in his diary) "to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." The "Stephen Hero" fragment covers two fateful years of its hero's life at the university, but it is sufficient to show how Joyce converted this dramatic, objective narrative into the lyrical, subjective vision of the artist's portrait. Apart from its connection with the later book, "Stephen Hero" is in its own right a beautifully achieved series of sketches, characterized by the "epiphanies"—those moments of radiant and perceptive awareness—which Joyces defines in the story itself.

The new episode now added to the previous section tells of Stephen's visit to Mr. Fulham, his godfather and patron, in the village of Mullingar, Co. Westmeath. Since Joyce did not use it in the "Portrait," it adds a new character to his gallery and further material on Stephen's response to Irish life. When in one of his conversations in the village he says, "My own mind is more interesting to me than the entire country," his remark throws a shaft of meaning not only on the "Portrait" but on Joyce's later works as well. In issuing this enlarged second edition New Directions has used better paper than their previous wartime stock, but instead of a dust-jacket as attractive as the earlier one they have devised one of mortuary design. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Oil, Eggheads, and American Destiny

FOR YEARS the top technicians in America's petroleum industry have been trying to develop a turbo oil drill. Such a drill, if perfected, could bore a hole ten times faster than existing equipment. Despite all our efforts, however, the turbo drill eluded us. Now comes the news that the Russians have actually devised the turbo drill, according to the testimony of American technicians who have seen it. In a field in which America is supposed to reign supreme—petroleum exploration and development—the Russians have come up with a device that renders our existing equipment virtually obsolete.

American manufacturers of petroleum equipment have gone to the Russians, hat in hand, to ask for both the secret and the right to make the drill in the U.S. The Russians have agreed to give it to us. However, a special license is required from our own Department of Commerce because it is illegal to trade with the Russians in strategic materials. It is likely that an exception will be made in this case.

The success of the Soviet not only in the petroleum area but in the entire field of science and industrial development, including automation, has mystified and confounded American government and business circles. Industrial strength cannot be excluded from the factors affecting the present competition for world leadership. More particularly, the crisis in the Near East today has behind it the prodigious fact of oil. The Persian Gulf area now represents the world's greatest known bed of oil reserves. Know-how may be the determining factor in the competition to gain long-term development rights to reserves. Hence, any sudden forward thrust by the Soviet, as in the case of vastly superior equipment, produces deep anxiety in the United States.

The ability of the Soviet to challenge the United States so boldly for world industrial supremacy becomes something less than a total mystery when some basic facts are recognized. For the past few years the Soviet has been graduating almost four times as many scientists as the United States. There is apparently no loss of quality because of the large number. Equally significant is the fact that the educator now occupies the exalted place in Russian society. The men who operate the large industrial establishments in the Soviet, corresponding to our own kingpins of business, are handsomely paid. But the highest salaries, outside of the very top of Government itself, go to professors. A doctorate is synonymous with status and high income. Men of learning, far from being regarded as eggheads or queers, are being given increased rewards and authority. Any teacher, in fact, occupies a position of honor.

All this may be startling news to the United States, which is suddenly confronted with the grim prospect that it could become a second-class power in a few years. But it should be no news that the teacher in America is still struggling for status, which may bear some relationship to the acute teacher shortage. Nor is it news that the average salary of teachers in the United States doesn't begin to compare with that of the plumber or bricklayer or electrician. As for college professors, it is doubtful that more than a handful would be represented on a list of the 100,000 top-salaried people in the United States.

Even more serious is the fact that we have tended to debase the currency of knowledge for many of our young people. We have used terms like egghead or highbrow to beat down any taste or respect for advanced learning. We have almost made thoughtfulness seem like a disfiguration of the human personality. Bookishness has been twisted somehow into freakishness—as though it were possible to build a historical expression without books!

MEANWHILE we have done everything possible to discourage talented scientists from going into Government work. The carelessness and the brutal inefficiency of a large part of the loyalty investigation program have cost us some of our best scientific brains. If Congress is really interested in looking into matters that affect the national security it might find out what happened to the tremendous array of scientific personnel available to the Government at the end of the last war. Both with respect to world-famous theoreticians and younger men who were destined for greatness, we were in a strong position indeed. It is important to fix the responsibility for the loss of many of these men.

Why, for example, is so little said about what happened at Fort Monmouth, our highly critical military research center which has the job of devising protection for American cities against rocket attack? Some thirty key scientists were caught up in the human meat-grinder at Fort Monmouth that passed for a loyalty investigation. It turned out that these men were innocent. Meanwhile, lives had been badly bruised by the incredibly inept methods of the probe. Meanwhile, too, the Government deprived itself of its highly valuable key men. No Communist plot against America could have been nearly so damaging as our own wholesale wreckage of a large part of our research defense program out of uncertainty, submission to pressure, and moral collapse. As we say, if Congress is looking for a purposeful inquiry this might be a good place to begin.

The chromium-plated honeymoon is over. Whatever the charms of the world of the fast buck, there are even more important claims today on our thoughts and energies. These claims are concerned with the need to relate ourselves to the rest of the world in a way that makes inspired sense. There is also the need to relate ourselves to the kind of values that were worth a revolution in this country 180 years ago. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

QUARTERLY IN NEED

I BEG TO CALL THE ATTENTION of your readers to the impending discontinuance of the *United States Quarterly Book Review*. This is a parallel enterprise to *The Saturday Review*, but not a rival, since its purpose is limited to giving brief evaluations by scholars and scientists of the best books written and published in this country in every branch of learning and art—poetry and chemistry, engineering and biography, anthropology and architecture. The *Quarterly* was begun in 1945 to carry out a provision of the Buenos Aires agreement of 1936, and is published by the Library of Congress. Though its original purpose was to inform the other Americas of our significant new books of learning, the principal audience is actually in this country. The subscriptions pay the cost of publication, the contributors are unpaid, but it is understood that the Library can no longer afford to pay the editorial salaries.

The energetic editing of Joseph P. Blickensderfer and the expert concise reviews have combined to make the *Quarterly* an important guide to current American thought. Only private support can save it now. If none appears we shall all be the poorer for having again no guide to the best that is thought and said here today.

GEORGE B. PARKS.

Flushing, N. Y.

SECOND EMPRESS

IN REVIEWING "Imperial Woman," by Pearl Buck [*SR* Mar. 31], I was in error, as several of your readers have pointed out, in expressing surprise that the Empress Dowager of China had not been made the subject of a novel before. The mistake does particular injustice to "Forbidden City" (Crown, 1954) and its author, Mrs. Muriel Jernigan.

PRESTON SCHOYER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

HUMANE AND HELPFUL

IN HIS ARTICLE ON ALBERT EINSTEIN [*SR* Apr. 14] Ambassador Mehta writes: "Einstein said to me that he was reading a manuscript of 'a book on Gandhi' which traced the evolution of his thought and ideas. . . . He gave me to understand that the author was an American who was in military service. . . ."

Could it be that Ambassador Mehta's recollection of this incident is a little inaccurate? Einstein in April 1953 was reading a manuscript by Gene Sharp, an American pacifist who had refused to register for the United States military service, and who was then serving a two-year term in the prison at Danbury, Connecticut. Einstein had not only encouraged Sharp to take a non-registrant position but he finally wrote a foreword to the book. The book is shortly to be published by (Gandhi's) Navajivan Press in India, since no American publisher would touch it.

May I also say that Einstein's correspondence with Gene Sharp reveals not only his opposition to militarism, his approval of non-violent civil-disobedience of military service, but also his humaneness, his availability to unknown young people, his readiness to go through manuscripts, and his efforts to find a young man without connections or money a publisher.

BRIJEN K. GUPTA.

Chicago, Ill.

"Goodness, I didn't think you were strong enough to do an anthology!"

LATE LIST

IN "MYTHS, MOVIES, AND MATURITY," by Arthur Mayer [*SR* Apr. 7], he states that of 1955's ten top-grossing pictures only one, "Mister Roberts," appeared on the critics' ten best lists. This is an error that originally appeared in *Variety* and stems from the fact that "The Country Girl" was a late 1954 release and appeared on the critics' lists that year.

MORTON HOROWITZ.

Denver, Colo.

TACTICAL AND STRATEGIC BOMBS

WHETHER OR NOT graduated deterrence is accepted in principle, surely there is a strong case right now to draw up a list of towns "beyond dispute" which should be scheduled as having contracted out of war. I am thinking of such places as Venice, Bruges, Oxford and Cambridge, Nimes, Jerusalem, Kyoto, or whatever each country thinks its most precious heritage. For towns, after all, are the "principal living organisms of human civilization, social units older and more essential than the State." If agreement could be reached on these my bet is that there would be a violent agitation by towns all over the world, including those in the USSR, to get their names on the list too. In fact an incentive would have been created and municipalities used as a counterweight to the aggressive emotions of nations, which in a sense are sacrificing towns to their juggernaut.

Even if the military, contravening the agreement, used Christ Church Quad as an H-bomb depot would we be really less well off than now?

A second objection that will be made is that there are insufficient towns of the type required behind the Iron Curtain. But how do we know that the Russians may not treasure a place like Stalingrad—a monument to the present regime—as much as we treasure Cambridge?

Finally, there comes the question of enforcement. I admit frankly that this agreement could not be enforced, but it could do a lot to create the right atmosphere. Let these "world" towns become the focal points of coexistence, locations where men of all nations can meet as world citizens on an equal footing, places where there shall be immunity for all (except, perhaps, diplomatists). Even the Middle Ages permitted sanctuary. Are we sure that our twentieth century is so enlightened it can do without?

HENRY USBORNE,
House of Commons.

London, Eng.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Pre-Broadway Theatre

THERE is probably no theatrical career more difficult to launch than that of director. Assuming a young aspirant is able to afford a training period in which he has acquired knowledge, experience, and tangible evidence of his talent, he then faces a task of exhibiting that talent to prospective employers. And for these producers he must demonstrate that he can "pull off" a production, be it community theatre, summer stock, off-Broadway, or Broadway.

If Broadway is the goal the newcomer must achieve a smooth, lively result despite the fact that his lack of reputation and funds gives him minimum control of his actors. One such director, twenty-two-year-old Leo Garen, burst onto the New York theatrical scene last week with a one-night presentation of **"Danton's Death"** at the 92nd Street YMHA. The performance of this most complex play turned out to be something of a fiasco; half the audience departed at the end of the two-hour-long first act. The principal reason for the exodus was that several of the actors could not be heard past the first five rows, a common misfortune. Because TV and motion pictures can use low-voiced, subtle portrayals, and because actors in studio-exercises are encouraged to explore their inner lives, and because impecunious groups rehearse in small rooms, psychiatrist-couch monologues tend to persist in finished performances too, unless the director is somehow able to convince the actors to sacrifice subtlety and lifelikeness for at least some audibility.

Further trouble was caused by a highly emotional rendition of the play's title role that frequently bore no relation to any stimuli of which the audience was conscious. And of course Buchner's inspired but chaotic script presented an immense directorial challenge. Its twenty-six diverse scenes, filled with political figures and factions of the French Revolution, required the greatest insight and the most efficient production facilities.

But those members of the audience who sat the performance out saw something besides confusion and mumbling. They saw a company of forty actors in which every last one of them emerged as credible and fully involved in the action. They saw crowd scenes masterfully handled. They saw bold and inventive stage-business. Above all, they left with a sense of Buchner's genius in drawing a magnificent canvas of life.

Don Miehle, a powerful young actor who has yet to learn that acting is not merely following the trail of any fresh inspiration that presents itself, nevertheless gave us a Danton who could roar and shake his locks at a world he had grown tired of. Ron Durling's psychopathic and repressed Robespierre provided an exciting contrast to the overflowing Danton. George Segal showed an amazing degree of confident relaxation as Saint-Just. And Ellen Christopher was poignant as the crazed wife of Desmoulins. While "Danton's Death" was an unwise choice in that it revealed that Mr. Garen does not yet have the magic touch necessary for Broadway, this young director has in this production shown more skill and talent than a large number of more astute showstagers whose caution, personal charm, and ability to see that the public gets what it wants have made them successful.

UP AT the Yale University Drama Department a twenty-five-year-old playwright named William Hartwell Snyder, Jr. has written a play about a boarding-school teacher who has a too great need for the admiration of his students. Titled **"A True and Special Friend,"** the play, less poetic than "Tea and Sympathy," catches the terrible disorder into which a sensitive young boy is thrown when he leaves home and must adapt to the "regular fellow" ideal. The regular-fellow teacher so essential to the operation of this kind of school is Mr. Snyder's target, and his showing up of Jerry Bradford should make a lot of teachers squirm. Like most new playwrights, he makes his points a bit too bluntly, and the plot too strictly limits the amount of character revelation. Yet "A True and Special Friend," as directed by F. Curtis Canfield and played by John Herbert Frid and Brandon Stoddard, shows an unusual degree of skill and insight for a young playwright. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Rings—Wedding and Canvas

COLUMBIA this week seems convinced of the need for psychiatric treatment of mental disorders, although it does take a precious long time for Joan Crawford in **"Autumn Leaves"** to reach the conclusion that her husband's schizophrenia is no worse than a bad cold. This movie fools you at first, since it starts out as a story of a spinster lady who goes to concerts by herself and earns her living as a typist. When a young man about ten years her junior comes into her life I had it figured as an autumnal romance that would end with Miss Crawford's renunciation of the chap. Not at all—she marries him, and soon learns that he is a congenital liar, a shoplifter given to violent, moody spells, and that he had married once before without troubling to get a divorce, although luckily the former wife had.

It would be hard to imagine this situation being cleared up, but Columbia has managed it neatly. The young man (played very capably by Cliff Robertson) had good reason, it turns out, to develop his set of symptoms, and after about half a reel of shock-therapy he gets back to normal and Miss Crawford. Lucky for him that she was around to see him through. But then Hollywood always has had a good deal of faith in that wife-mother image and its ability to save a man in his hour of need. There's nothing the love of a good woman won't cure, with a little psychiatric help.

* * *

Hollywood has usually found it difficult to take stands on public questions, but not where the ethics of professional boxing are concerned. Through such movies as "Champion," "The Set-Up," and now **"The Harder They Fall"** it has been consistently pointed out that the fight game is a racket, that the sport is vicious and corrupt, that spectators gain only a sadistic satisfaction from watching a ring contest, and that participants generally wind up with disfigured features and battered minds and souls. Meanwhile, to make these points fully clear, a series of fights is staged in each movie, most of them a good deal more brutal than any one is likely to see on television or at Madison Square Garden. "The Harder They Fall" is probably the harshest editorializing yet done on the matter. It has been made by Columbia from Budd Schulberg's novel of the same title and, in the event anyone should be unclear about the basic message, it ends with the strong suggestion that boxing should be outlawed by act of Congress.

As the case in point, the rise and fall of one Toro Moreno, an Argentinian heavyweight of gargantuan proportions, is chronicled in gory detail. Manipulated by a gambling promoter (Rod Steiger) and press-agented by a former newspaperman (Humphrey Bogart) the pitifully inadequate Toro is built into a contender for the championship. His rugged opponents all take their dives on schedule, and the only genuine fight is the one in which Toro gets beat to a pulp by the champion. Perhaps I'm still naive about the racket, but it's hard to imagine several million fight fans being taken in by a series of such fraudulent matches.

This is not to say that the movie lacks interest and focus. It has more than enough of both. Rod Steiger proves once again what a remarkably competent actor he is. Bogart does his usual high-quality job, and Mike Lane as the duped Argentinian fighter is surprisingly effective, as is Jersey Joe Walcott, who appears as a wise old trainer. I very much doubt that an Act of Congress will outlaw boxing as a result of this movie, but perhaps it will call attention to the need for more efficient regulation of those three-minute action sequences between the beer and razorblade commercials.

* * *

In **"Gaby"** Leslie Caron is a good woman who becomes bad for a time as a result of some exceptional circumstances. Her American soldier fiance (John Kerr) is presumed killed in action, and Miss Caron, overcome with remorse at not having slept with him before his departure, proceeds to comfort a series of lonely soldiers. A problem of course arises when Mr. Kerr returns, wounded, but in fairly good shape. Shall she tell him? She does. Does he forgive her? He does. *C'est la guerre.* The movie, by the way, is a modernized version of Robert E. Sherwood's "Waterloo Bridge," and the second movie made from the play. If memory serves me correctly the girl jumped in the earlier movie. Significant, perhaps, that soiled doves may now find honor, happiness, and contentment in marriage to a decent man.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mozart on the Campus, Beecham on the Podium

URBANA, ILLINOIS.

TO FIND the white-tied, tail-coated Sir Thomas Beecham sipping coke from a bottle during the "interval" of a concert in the auditorium of the School of Music on the campus of the University of Illinois in Urbana was hardly more surprising than to find him there at all. But this is a Mozart year, and the deification of the master takes strange forms, no less so in the case of Columbia University's observances in which Thomas Scherman was a leading participant than in those of Urbana, where Sir Thomas directed two programs, one devoted to the Requiem, one miscellaneous.

In bringing the illustrious Briton to the land of the Illini, Duane Brannigan, the energetic director of its School of Music, continued a program initiated several years ago. Such celebrities as Igor Stravinsky, George Enesco, Leopold Stokowski, and Ernest Ansermet, working in collaboration with the University's more than 300 music "majors," have given the program a distinction well worth the journey to Chicago and down the Illinois Central to Champaign-Urbana (a joint address embracing the railroad depot on the one hand and the college campus on the other).

Local folk deplore the antique, cupola-crowned auditorium in which such concerts are given (the school also has a handsome, wood-paneled recital hall, but its stage and seating capacity are inadequate for orchestral performance), yet Sir Thomas took this challenge in stride with others. The last performance of the intricately beautiful Divertimento in D (K. 131) I heard was in a Philadelphia Orchestra concert directed by the same gentleman earlier this winter. This might seem an unfortunate basis of comparison save for the fact that there wasn't any, really. Working with a group of nearly sixty young men and women (there were about thirty-two of the latter in this particular work), Beecham compelled a kind of spirited, soaring response that transcended the physical limitations of the instruments as much as the instrumentalists. A substantial credit for this belongs to Bernard Goodman, resident conductor and a member of the Walden String Quartet (based on the campus), whose background includes extended service with the Cleveland Orchestra.

As many orchestras are aware, Beecham is a forceful man whose disdain for the apathetic comes close to the allergic. He had no reason for other than pleasant reactions to the efforts of his youthful collaborators, producing a likeness of Mozart etched with his own bold strokes and strong contrasts. The following "Paris" symphony is one we hear all too seldom, and it had a full share of gusto amid spring rains and lightning flashes. There were some seventy players on stage for this work, including a double-bass section almost wholly female.

So far as most Americans are concerned experience with Beecham as a conductor of the operatic Mozart is limited to recordings. As well as testing the capacities of the young vocalists involved, his presentation of the second act of "Figaro" (with its garland of solos, duets, and ensembles) gave a taste, all too brief, of the flavor he might impart to a full-length performance. There was nothing languid about "Porgi amor" (I could not grasp the English equivalent employed), "Voi che sapete" had a briskness not often heard, and the final ensemble moved along at a pace that grew compellingly out of what had preceded.

Here, again, the fact that something tangible in style and expression individual to Beecham could be identified was a tribute to the preparation that preceded his arrival on the campus, a week before the performance. In this instance the credit belonged to Ludwig Zirner, of Viennese background (director of the University's Opera Workshop), who provided the *continuo* accompaniment to the recitatives from the harpsichord (something not heard even at Metropolitan performances of "Figaro"). An almost painfully modest man, Zirner flushed visibly when singled out by Beecham in his post-performance remarks for some well-earned words of praise.

Of equal value, nevertheless, were the fresh young voices and attentive musicality provided by the student participants: Margaret Goldsmith (the Countess), Dolores Uebele (Susanna), Donald Paschke (Figaro), Carolyn Backus (Cherubino), Donald Hendrickson (Almaviva), Arthur Williams (Antonio), Nancy Arnesen (Marcellina), William Olson (Dr. Bartolo), and Harold Johnson (Don Basilio). There were many delightful moments and practically no painful ones; the final sharply articulated chords brought forth a surge of applause honestly earned and objectively bestowed.

If Mozart is fortunate to have such an itinerant missionary as Beecham preaching the gospel in this evangelical year, the State of Illinois is no less fortunate in having so well run a musical school to provide him with a suitable pulpit. Those who labor the days in and the weeks out the year around may not often enjoy the white light of publicity, but a demonstration like this shows they have no need to shrink from it, either. According to the irrefutable statistics, practically all the participants in this program—vocal as well as instrumental—will eventually settle down to a teaching career of one sort or another. The generation they will instruct will be the richer for this April week.

* * *

For the ballerina "Giselle" is the balletic equivalent of "Hamlet," as the Ballet Theatre's latest showing of the old classic in the Metropolitan Opera House with Rosella Hightower in the title role reminded us. It is more than a decade since she first did the part with the company, as a young dancer standing in for Alicia Markova. Now a full-fledged ballerina, the Oklahoma-born dancer, who has recently rejoined the American company after a long spell in Europe with the company of the Marquis de Cuevas, showed an abundance of the qualities needed to give her rank among the distinguished Giselles of our era: Markova, Danilova, Alicia Alonso, Fonteyn, Kaye, etc.

Strength of execution and charm of manner are Miss Hightower's special assets in Act I. She put her physical assets to excellent use in Act II, where she plays the tormented spirit still in search of fulfilled love. Altogether, Miss Hightower is still more the excellent dancer playing Giselle than a Giselle to the life, but it is a finely drawn characterization she offers.

Of special appeal in the Ballet Theatre's current showings of "Giselle" (Nora Kaye had her turn a few days earlier) is the Prince Albrecht of Erik Bruhn, a handsome graduate of the Royal Danish Ballet. A blond young man of ideal bearing for the romantic partner of classic ballet, Bruhn is also a capable mime possessed of ample technical resources for the roles in which he is cast. Lupe Serrano danced the Queen of the Willis (long a Hightower speciality). The performance gained more than a little from the vigorous direction of the orchestral score by Joseph Levine.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE MEN WHO MAKE JAZZ

By NAT HENTOFF, *New York editor of* Down Beat *magazine.*

AN INEVITABLE corollary of the recent, rushing growth of the jazz record business has been the expansion of that idiomatically specialized corps of control-room catalysts—the jazz a&r men.

Jazz artist-and-repertoire directors were for many years defiantly rare and comprised an underfed splinter party among mammon-singing legislators of lowest common musical denominators. Today the status of the jazz a&r "expert" is unprecedentedly high. The jazz executive, it is true, is not equal to a pop a&r sachem like Mitch Miller (Columbia) or Joe Carlton (Victor) in the degree of lucrative if shaky prestige he can attain in the record field, but his psychic income remains extensive if he cares to draw upon it.

Among the major labels, the most knowledgeable a&r man is Columbia's George Avakian, who is also in charge of most other Columbia nonclassical albums. Avakian, a long-time, insatiably curious collector and avocational critic, has an unusually strong grounding in all phases of jazz history as well as considerable orientation in other phases of music, including classical. His perspective, therefore, is wide and deep. He has produced an essential series of jazz reissue sets as well as new dates that range from Louis Armstrong (who has done his best work in recent years for the Columbia label) through swing-era Buck Clayton jam sessions to Dave Brubeck and not-yet-released Miles Davis. Avakian has even recorded so intently distraught a modern experimentalist as Teo Macero.

Avakian's only major difficulty is an occasional tendency to fumble in his choice of relatively new jazz talent, for he sometimes returns with such strangely static, technique-bound hard-breathers as Calvin Jackson, Johnny Eaton, and Lennie Hambro, and the astonishing Argentinian pianist, Villegas, an alarmingly misinformed eclectic with several basic jazz parts missing.

The state of jazz at Epic, Columbia's subsidiary, is under the general direction of Marv Holtzman and has been remarkably confused. Epic, struggling mightily against its own arhythmic carelessness in jazz matters, has managed to issue several important reissue LPs (with annotations on some that appear to have been written by the Bobbsey twins). Epic's new material has been of uneven quality, often poorly programmed and sometimes packaged with an irritating blankness that seems determined to force the buyer to become a part-time discographer.

Victor recently replaced its jazz head, Jack Lewis, with Fred Reynolds, a former disc jockey, newspaper music columnist and editor of *Hi-Fi at Home.* Lewis, many feel, deserved another year to consolidate his somewhat irrepressibly disconnected beginnings, since he *was* beginning to project an unusual talent for stimulating musicians to extend themselves in a recording studio.

In any case, it is much too soon to assess Reynolds, Lewis's successor. I would note, however, that Reynolds's first act—the signing of Dave Pell's polite Octet—bodes blandly for Victor jazz. Yet Reynolds is also working on an unusually imaginative and nobly adventurous plan, the nature of which I am sworn not to reveal.

Decca is finally showing some indication of a moderate jazz renaissance after several years of desultory activity. Milt Gabler, who combines both pop and jazz a&r titles at Decca, has been more concerned (despite his jazz-oriented, Commodore Music Shop background) with cooky-cutting possible hits than with building an impressive new jazz catalogue. A few sessions of quality have been issued by Decca in the past few years but the label's general goofing of its jazz division has been most painfully underlined by its far too frequent misuse of Louis Armstrong. But now Decca is once again hungrily ripe for conversion and, among other things, even unto hiring the Reverend Alvin Kershaw to produce a series of historical LPs. Gabler is planning a mammoth talking-singing-playing Armstrong autobiography that may encompass ten volumes.

The young and commercially astute head of pop and jazz for Decca's subsidiary labels, Coral and Brunswick, is Bob Thiele, whose first mark in music, as in Gabler's case, was a swinging one. Among other fledgling activities, he recorded jazz for the now evaporated Signature label and edited the late *Jazz* magazine. Thiele in recent years has devoted almost all of his considerable energy to such profitable trivia, while his jazz recording activities have been spotty in time and quality. Thiele though has also become re-energized by jazz sales figures so that future months may witness a return to grace on the part of Brunswick and Coral.

Capitol of all the major labels except the almost wholly rectangular M-G-M has been the least intelligent in its jazz policy. There have been a few exceptions, but the depth of Capitol's ignorance of particularly the modern jazz field was illustrated by such deadends as the abortive Kenton Presents Series and the kind of velveteen thinking that inflicts a hapless cello and harp on the swinging Marian McPartland trio.

Mercury and its two adolescent siblings, EmArcy and Wing, are chiefed by the most energetic of all jazz a&r men, Bobby Shad. Shad, who traverses the country like a perpetual Kefauver, has had aggressive experience in most ends of the record business from running a store to recording rural Southern blues singers with a portable tape recorder and a no-royalties smile.

Shad, who could be one of the best of all jazz directors, is fiercely hampered by a mass-production schedule and a multiplicity of duties. He not only produces jazz for all three labels but is in charge of rhythm and blues for Mercury and Wing and often does pop dates for both. As a result of having to turn out too much material too quickly, Shad's sessions, though on occasion electrically successful, are quite frequently marred by insufficient editing and a rumpled air of being between planes.

Norman Granz with two jazz labels currently functioning (Clef and Norgran) as well as a pop label (Verve) and his seven-league-booting JATP concerts, also has too much to do too quickly for a consistently superior recorded product to result. Granz has contributed importantly to jazz record history by continuing to cut such mainstream titans as Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Johnny Hodges, Billie Holiday, and Teddy Wilson, even though their records in recent years have generally not sold

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well. Several of Granz's albums by these influential individualists are among the most durable in his catalogue. But a large part of the rest of Granz's recorded material suffers from too few takes and a misapprehension that jazz is always automatically at its best in the raw. Inexplicable is Granz's carelessness concerning the quality of recorded sound on many of his records.

Having surveyed the major (in terms of size) labels, I am left with limited space to detail the variegated accomplishments of the independent smaller companies which continue to be the major (in terms of quality) source of creative jazz recording. At the head of the jazz department of one of these labels, Atlantic, is a man who is closest to my conception of a near-paragon of a&r men. Atlantic's Nesuhi Ertegun is thirty-eight; was born in Istanbul and educated in Switzerland, Paris and London as befits a Turkish diplomat's son; has been a jazz collector since 1932; and in his American years has become an increasingly important figure in jazz via concert promotion, lectures at UCLA, an affiliation with Contemporary-Good Time Jazz Records, and now as jazz a&r man for Atlantic. Like Avakian of Columbia, Ertegun's approach is based on a probing historical feeling for tradition-and-the-individual-talent in both jazz and other forms of music that enables him to feel beneath the surface of the "new." His taste, however, is surer than Avakian's and his accomplishment in adding to Atlantic's roster in less than a year such diversely rewarding and challenging talent as the Modern Jazz Quartet, Charles Mingus, George Wallington, Jimmy Giuffre, Lennie Tristano, Lee Konitz, Jack Montrose, and Teddy Charles has been impressive in view of the intense, hard-lipped competition among almost all record companies to sign any jazz man with a "name."

The fact that so strongly individualistic an array of non-compromisers came to Atlantic is in part a tribute to Ertegun's sensitivity and generosity of understanding and to his non-aggressive but firm determination to be as jealous of his label's musical integrity in its jazz division as his artists are of theirs. After four years of rejecting offers from almost every record label concerned with jazz, the intransigent Lennie Tristano, for example, finally signed with Atlantic only because of his esteem for Nesuhi and Ertgun's brother, Ahmet, who is mostly active in Atlantic's uranium-like rhythm and blues division but is also a keen jazz appraiser.

"You know," Tristano said a few weeks ago in still-marveling, reborn faith in administrative humanity, "I must have rejected four masters of my first volume before I heard one that was acceptable to me, and Atlantic didn't say a word. They left it all up to me to decide."

Almost as lucidly skilled as Ertegun but not quite as consistent are several other a&r directors of independent labels, most of whom also own or co-own their companies.

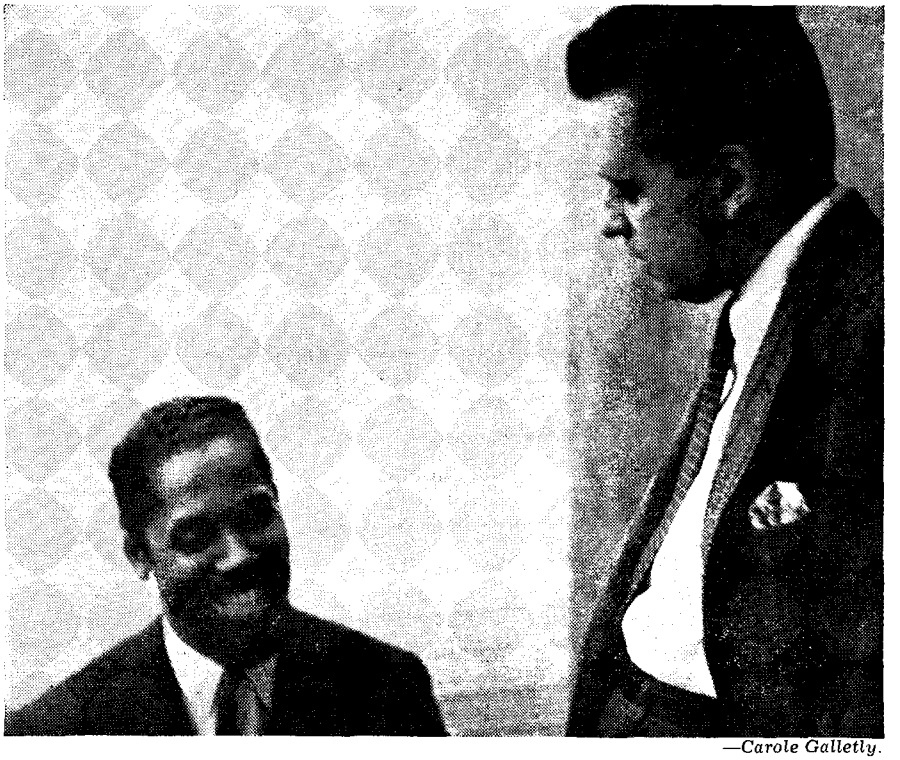
The dean of creative jazz a&r men, who has opened his label to more initially ignored and later near-canonized jazzmen than any of his colleagues, is Alfred Lion of Blue Note. Lion began his company in 1939 and refused thereafter to yield to the often harrowing pressures of the many less-than-lean years before the present boom. Lion, like Avakian and Ertegun, has a rare comprehension and admiration for the best of all styles and eras in jazz from Sidney Bechet to his current "finds," the modern pianist Herbie Nichols and the Charlie Parker-influenced organist Jimmy Smith.

Of especial significance in modern jazz have been the activities of Bob Weinstock at Prestige, who also has given many now established jazzmen their earlier opportunities to attract adherents. Lion and Weinstock, like many owners of small labels, have ruefully watched many of those musicians they helped gain a hearing later switch inevitably to larger labels that could pay them more.

Red Clyde of Bethlehem is relatively new in his position, having replaced Creed Taylor some months ago. Clyde has been responsible for a few notable recordings but the overall level of his work so far—and this is true of the entire Bethlehem catalogue—has been acceptable if rarely distinctive. Considerably more consistent are the joyous, full-strength distillations bottled by Ozzie Cadena, Savoy's jazz a&r man. Cadena, a record store clerk not too long ago and an amateur musician has been in charge of Savoy jazz since the summer of 1954. He quickly revealed an unusual talent for igniting pulsatingly alive sessions powered by the mainstream of modern jazz. Cadena's choice of musicians generally centers on such swinging, freshly imaginative men as Hank Jones, Kenny Clarke, Wendell Marshall, Joe Wilder, Donald Byrd, and Ernie Wilkins. His reissue albums have been worthwhile and wide-ranged with his most important accomplishment in this regard being four remastered volumes of Charlie Parker sides that include many previously unissued takes.

John Hammond, whose distinguished, history-shaping career in jazz a&r should some day be fully described in a book, has produced a wonderfully unpretentious series of easily swinging, emotionally direct jazz for Vanguard, although his brushes with more modern jazz have so far been dull. But the Hammond-conceived LPs of Vic Dickenson, Ruby Braff-Ellis Larkins, Jo Jones and Jimmy Rushing, among others, have been received with thirsty hosannas by collectors and critics here and abroad—

(*Continued on page* 36)



—*Carole Galletly.*

John Lewis (pianist) and Nesuhi Ertegun.

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CELEBRATION FOR THE DUKE

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE IDOLS of jazz, like fat men, are rarely immortal. Thus, it has become rather fashionable in recent years to fob off Duke Ellington. It is certainly true that with the departure of many of its most venerable musicians the Ellington band has, at various times in the past decade, seemed to falter. Perhaps Ellington, who is now fifty-seven, has wearied of the insistent clangor of jazz, of the drub of travel, and of the responsibility for what has been a $500,000-a-year organization. Perhaps he is discouraged by the unfulfilment over the years of his more ambitious compositional projects. Yet, the truth is that Ellington inescapably remains after almost thirty-five years as a professional the richest figure in jazz as well as one of the most inventive, original minds in American music.

Both critics and public, regardless of value judgments, have always had an awkward time placing Ellington. Generally he is shunted off—as a kind of overgrown but beautiful duckling—into a parallel area somewhere between "pure" jazz and the fringes of American folk-classical music. This critical jumpiness stems in part from the fact that Ellington's capacious talent has caused jealousy within jazz, while those outside the music tend to regard him as too big for such a "little" music. Again, many listeners have been hypnotized by the trappings that often surround his music: the lushness, the use of the growl, the squatty brass and saxophone slurs, the striding humor, the seemingly insouciant, akimbo attitude of his musicians toward their music. This warm, overlaid picturesqueness is not ostentation, however; it is, rather, the result of a mind that moves through greener, more tangled musical meadows than those of the average journeyman jazzman. Ellington, indeed, is perhaps the first, and as yet only, complete jazz artist. As a result he has been consistently ahead of the music he has done so much for. It has, for instance, only become clear in the past couple of years that the modern jazz musician, if his music is to live, must have in addition to technical aplomb on his instrument some sort of easy topographical view, through the ability to arrange or compose, of all music. Ellington has had all three qualities in varying degree since the early Thirties. The culmination of these has been his band, which—rather than the piano he plays with a refined and delightful irrelevance reminiscent of the old Harlem stride pianists—has often been called his instrument.

The Ellington band first appeared in the early Twenties in Washington, D.C., where the Duke was born, when he jobbed around with Elmer Snowden, Toby Hardwick, and Sonny Greer. Fats Waller helped bring the band to New York in 1923, and four years later, after it had opened with a whopping success at the Cotton Club, it began to take on a recognizable, if crude, flavor of its own. By the mid-Thirties, with both Count Basie and Benny Goodman still to come, the band, smooth and even a little sweet, and fresh from its first European trip, had swelled to fourteen men, who included Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Tricky Sam Nanton, Barney Bigard, and Johnny Hodges, as well as Greer, Hardwick, Wellman Braud, and Freddie Guy. In 1939, after these men had been together for a decade, and after a switch from Columbia to Victor, the band suddenly became a superb—and still peerless—jazz organization. (Label shifting always seems to bestir the Duke; he recently moved from Capitol to Bethlehem, and his first LP for the new company, "Historically Speaking, the Duke," which includes some new material as well as graceful remakes of things like "Mood Indigo" and "Stompy Jones," is his best in years.) Williams, Webster, Bigard, Tizol, and Blanton were gone by the mid-Forties, and with the added lumber of several male and female vocalists the band had begun to leak; toward the end of the decade, despite the temporary help of such men as Sandy Williams, Wilbur de Paris, Oscar Pettiford, and Taft Jordon, it all but sank. Now, however, with some kind of permanence in personnel restored, the band seems to be renewing itself. There are many impressive soloists, such as Clark Terry, Ray Nance, Britt Woodman, and Harry Carney. And a new drummer, Sam Woodyard, seems, more than any replacement since Greer, to meet the peculiar and deceptively simple rhythmic demands of Ellington's music.

The recordings that Ellington made in the band's greatest period (1940-1942) used both his materials and those of Billy Strayhorn, who had joined him in 1939, and has since become a kind of creative *alter ego*. The band was most distinguished for its sophisticated, deep-mahogany textures, which were a masterly compound of Ellington's original voicings, his occasional use of the entire band as a unison instrument, and the striking individual timbres of its soloists and section men. One noticed next a kind of surging willowiness—not at all unlike that of the great Basie band of the time—that never separated on the dreamy pieces and that only became more pronounced at fast tempos. (This flexibility did tend to harden on the flagwavers, which is probably why Ellington usually avoided them.) Finally, one was struck by the abundance of great soloists, many of whom under the aggregate push and pull of the music rose to improvisational heights they rarely attained after quitting it. One reason for this is that Ellington, like an overly devoted parent, wrote much of his material to fit the individual talents of his musicians. Also, a musical empathy came into being among this batch of Ellington sidemen—a great collective empathy unequaled in jazz—that had the negative effect of making departed musicians perform weaker and weaker imitations of what they had once helped create.

The rock of the band was and is Harry Carney, the master baritone saxophonist. In ensemble, Carney was not always heard, but he was invariably felt. As a soloist he could be lyrical or as plangent as a lion. (Carney, in fact, is about the only baritone saxophonist who has transformed into something powerfully light the dragging, thunderous qualities of his instrument. Most other baritonists seem,

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in comparison, to be played by their instruments.) Sonny Greer, a witty, independent drummer, full of crisp rimshots and raining cymbal work, Freddie Guy, a sound rhythm guitarist, Jimmy Blanton, who died the supreme jazz bassist, at the age of twenty-four in 1942, and Ellington himself worked behind Carney in a rocking, iron way that provided a kind of rumbling Pierce-Arrow to Basie's Cadillac of a rhythm section. Above this foundation, primarily, was the saxophone section. Johnny Hodges was limpid and creamy and on jump tunes somehow suggestive of a stone being skipped across smooth water. Ben Webster, the tenor saxophonist, evolved a soft, tweedy version of Coleman Hawkins and at his best played with a singing plaintiveness. Barney Bigard, the clarinetist, added a ringing, crystal edge to the band with his bright, slippery glissandi. In the trombone section, Tricky Sam Nanton perfected with mutes an enchanting fat growl and talking trombone that had a kind of lazy, eloquent wag to it. Lawrence Brown, the epitome of the polish and delicacy that marked this Ellington band, played with a warm embroidery that was, nevertheless, always jazz. Juan Tizol, a valve trombonist from Puerto Rico, was much like Brown except for the formalized Afro-Cuban accents that he brought with him. Of the trumpeters, Cootie Williams moved through every emotional phase that Ellington demanded with a knotty ease that ranged from his poignant use of the mute and growl to a clear, blue open horn. (Cootie achieved a quality with a mute, especially on slow blues, that was, if anything, as disconcerting as the unearthly call of the old steam engine whistles.) Rex Stewart learned much from Williams and added to it a humor and pepper, which, in turn have come down almost in caricature through Ray Nance. And, as if to channel off some of its surplus creativity, the band frequently broke up during this period into six- or seven-man units for recordings, which were led by Hodges, Bigard, Williams, or Stewart. These sides were the big band in delicate miniature. They were also, together with the small Benny Goodman groups and the John Kirby band, the freshest small-band jazz that had appeared in ten years.

AS AN experimental composer Ellington came noticeably to life in 1931 with a ten-minute piece called "Creole Rhapsody." In 1935 he recorded a twelve-minute work in four parts called "Reminiscing in Tempo," which moved delightfully through several undeveloped themes and many solos that were connected by transitional orchestral passages—an awareness of "classical" structure that was to mature in 1943 when Ellington presented at Carnegie Hall his fifty-minute "tone parallel," "Black, Brown, and Beige." This work together with later material, like the "Perfume Suite" and "New World A'Comin'," form the most ambitious—and successful—attempts to date to join semi-symphonic techniques and jazz materials of many varieties. Long before this Ellington had become the first to use jazz consciously as a sensitive reflector of the life he saw around him. Thus, he said, in "Hear Me Talkin' to Ya":

> . . . . I once wrote a sixty-four bar piece about a memory of when I was a little boy in bed and heard a man whistling on the street outside, his footsteps echoing away.

He had, too, been one of the first jazz musicians to break up and reassemble the intractable thirty-two-bar ensemble-solo-ensemble pattern that jazz settled into fifty years ago. Ellington has also, of course, written hundreds of songs, the best of which, like "Mood Indigo," "Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady," "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," and "Never No Lament," are equal to anything written by an American songwriter. And, although he has always dreamed of and begun writing, time and again, operas and new and honest kinds of Negro musical shows, he has never, outside of such things like "Jump for Joy," which ran for three months in Los Angeles in 1941, had much success in this direction, which is a pity.

Ellington is a tallish, thickset man with a long, bloodhound face, which, with its pronounced paunches under the eyes, frequently raised eyebrows, and pencil-line mustache, has always suggested a kind of surprised urbanity. This impression is deepened by his striking bearing and his soft, cultured accents which, in their way, resemble those of FDR. Ellington, indeed, loves the good life. Perhaps this has been manifested in the occasional slack periods his career has passed through. At work, however, he has done no less than enrich the basic harmonic structures of jazz, written indestructible melodies, and long demonstrated that jazz, in addition to being an *ad lib* hot lick, may also be lyrical, plush, humorous, generous, and written as though improvised. This musical breadth has caused some classic improvisation. And it may now help jazz through its most confused period. For, consciously or not, Ellington has become a part of the musical thought of the best of the present generation of jazzmen, who are building a new jazz out of his bricks.

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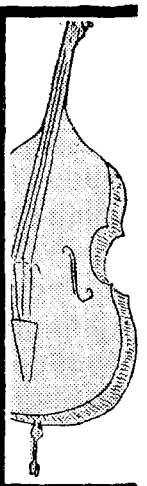

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Buck Clayton, trumpet star, joins amateurs Bob Mitchell (clarinet), Les Leiber (alto-sax), and Hal Davis (accordion) in the blues.

MUSIC FROM MADISON AVENUE

By IRVING KOLODIN

A "CUTTING CONTEST" in the Hawaiian Room of the Hotel Lexington would seem more likely to involve something on a table than the bandstand, but that would be reckoning without the penetration of jazz. The invitations extended in late April by the Advertising No. 209 Chapter of the American Legion on behalf of the "Many Splendored Stompers" and the "Oldest Floating Permanent Jazz Band" promised lunch and laughter—with a couple of worthy charities as beneficiaries—but it also produced a surprising amount of well-played jazz.

Abetted by Tommy Dorsey, a genial Master of Ceremonies (he got off to a good start by introducing a member of the guest jury, Sammy Kaye, as "the Polish John Barrymore"), the "Many Splendored Stompers," representing the Kenyon and Eckhardt agency plus some client talent, took the floor first. Those with no preconceptions about what might follow were pleasantly surprised to find the lead-off "Tea for Two" brightly blown by the trumpet of Larry Varvaro, well-supported by the clarinet of Ed Salvas, alto saxist Les Lieber (of *This Week*), and accordionist Hal Davis (the latter two long familiar on the ad-music scene). Lieber has long had a *sub rosa* reputation as a hot man on the tin whistle, but he excelled all previous accomplishments with a version of "Honeysuckle Rose" that not merely piped merrily but swung briskly, too. A Berriganish treatment by trumpeter Varvaro of "I Can't Get Started with You" roused more than a few memories, for it was with Dorsey's great orchestra of the early 1940s that Bunny did his last playing in New York.

This completed round one for the Stompers, and they seemed well out in front, in fact beyond reach by any other amateur ensemble. The more surprise then, when the "band with the long name" (as Dorsey described it) came along with another fine lead horn, this time the cornet blown with windy authority by Joe Bucher of *Life* magazine. He had strong assistance from the Pee Russell-type clarinet of Bob Mitchell (another magazine man), the classic trombone styling of Larry Pratt (counsel for the Kudner agency)—of whom Dorsey said, when the set was finished "Never lie to a trombone man about your age, Larry. He knows just when you learned that jazz-band style"—Jack Ware on drums, Jack Cushing at the piano, guitarist Paul Smith (Caulkins and Holden), saxophonists Peter Wells and Sandy MacLeod. "Way Down in New Orleans," "Baby Won't You Please Come Home," and "When You Wore a Tulip" were the tunes favored by this group, and they were turned out in solid Dixieland style.

In fact, the set-up of the "Oldest Floating, etc." being selective rather than accidental, good jazz harmonies were strongly in evidence throughout, the inner voices laced in and around the melody with a full sense of what was going on all the time. Baritone sax man Wells came up with his own tin whistle in "Baby Won't You Please Come Home," and though he lacks Lieber's agility—he used, in fact, a tenor-type whistle whereas Lieber's is strictly a whistlestop-type whistle—he blew a sharp chorus. Each band then had another round, the Stompers favoring "Back Home in Indiana," "April in Paris," and "All of Me" as a medley, and a blues identified by T.D. as "The Man in the Grey Flannel Stomp," the floating rivals coming back with "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" "Ja Da," and "Muskrat Ramble." Nearly every one of these was punctuated by appreciative handclaps and even more vocal kinds of enthusiasm from the 300 or so people who filled the room. When time came for rendering a verdict, the jury (which included trumpeter Buck Clayton, George Avakian of Columbia Records, soprano Elaine Malbin, and Sammy Kaye) voted the outcome a tie. This verdict did not reflect a split vote, but a ready recognition that each group of contestants had performed valiantly and that any discrimination would have been unjust.

AS A tribute to the musicianship in evidence, Dorsey announced that the final number would be a joint effort by all the players present, and taking the Pratt trombone, decreed a blues in B flat. Varvaro, in turn, urged his trumpet on Clayton, who acceded to overwhelming demand by accepting. With Clayton setting out the lead phrases, and Dorsey providing support on the bass end with his powerfully blown counterphrases, this blues

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had both impact and savor. Varvaro came along after a few choruses and replaced Clayton, more than holding his own in the professional company. Inquiry disclosed that music lost a possible star when he suffered a back injury during Army service, and turned his thoughts to another career. He blows a strong trumpet, certainly, and his jazz choruses were marked by solid ideas, both melodic and rhythmic.

What impressed this listener, as well as other jazz enthusiasts to whom I spoke—and there were very few present who didn't seem to know just what was going on—was the real verve and lift the players got into their performances. Nor was it in any way hit or miss. As Lieber (who has been doing his whistle act for years) remarked during a lull "It will probably take another twenty years before you could get a group like this together to play in the modern idiom, but Dixie is now the classic jazz style, and everybody who has a fling at it during college days can sit in with anybody else." To prove that this kind of off-hours entertainment is more than a passing fancy I came away with a card belonging to pianist Cushing of the "OEFJB" reading:

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It would be wrong, in such a jolly affair (to which comedian Art Carney, introduced by Dorsey as "The Music Critic of the *Sewer News*," made a lively contribution in doubletalk), to look for Significance, but it left little doubt—if anybody has any—that jazz is the urban folk music. Also, that inside a Chesterfield lurks more than one diverted Dorsey, and not all the mute inglorious Miltons are confined to Gray's "Elegy." Furthermore, it's altogether probable that Madison Avenue is not alone nationwide, as a Dream Street for such suppressed inclinations. What we are in need of, obviously, is a National Olympiad, an American version of the Welsh *Eisteddfod*, in which a trophy, perhaps in the form of a high-hat cymbal, would symbolize yearly supremacy. If the barber-shop quartets can have contests and championships, why not the jazz buffs? What they need, obviously, is some advertising talent equal to their musical ability to put the thing over.

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PLUS JE T'EMBRASSE (Heart of my Heart)
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MISTER L'AMOUR (Mister Sandman)
EN 1920 (In 1920)
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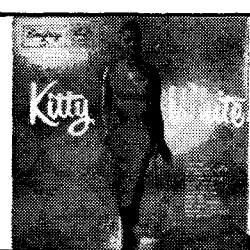

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Slide Trombone: Featuring Lawrence Brown. Clef MG C-682, $3.98. Blues and Other Shades of Green: Featuring Urbie Green. ABC-Paramount ABC-101, $4.85. Introducing Jimmy Cleveland and His All Stars. EmArcy MG 36066, $3.98.	In the proper hands, the trombone, with its brassy, humanish timbre, seems to come closer to fundamental jazz expression than almost any other instrument used in the music. Because of the instrument's tricky nature, however, there have been few, if any, supreme jazz trombonists. Here, though, are three exceptional ones. Lawrence Brown, now in his late forties, is an Ellington-associated musician, and his style has always had a kind of weighty delicacy about it. If he gets gutty, as he does in a few spots here, it is a forceful, somewhat self-conscious business, like an executive whooping it up with the employees at the annual company picnic. Brown is a master trombonist, nevertheless, and this is an excellent demonstration. The accompaniment (a rhythm section on four sides, plus tenor, and an eight-piece group with A. Cohn, E. Royal, Jo Jones, H. Jones, and D. Bank, etc., on six) is always steady. Urbie Green, who is twenty-nine, falls somewhere between Brown and Jimmy Cleveland. An adept, frequently moving improviser, he is basically a swingman with modern overtones. J. Raney, D. McKenna, P. Heath, and K. Clarke are also present on the three originals and six standards. Cleveland, at thirty, is a sensational modern trombonist, who uses a soft, burry tone and sudden, rapid clusters of notes that break about the listener's head like soap bubbles. Occasionally, such technical effluvia seem to get the better of him, but that may simply be the result of too much youthful musical muscle. Cleveland is presented best of the three men here, with three different groups (including E. Royal, M. Roach, B. Galbraith, L. Thompson, and O. Pettiford) and fine arrangements by Quincy Jones.
Modern Music from Indiana: Jerry Coker Composes, Arranges, Plays. Fantasy 3-214, $3.98.	This pleasant record features a young tenor saxophonist named Jerry Coker who was with Woody Herman briefly a few seasons back, and has here assembled, in shifting combinations, ten musicians presumably associated with Indiana University. There are seven standards and five originals, and the voicings are predominantly those of the "four brothers," with an extra baritone saxophone thrown in. Thoughtful.
Jimmy Hamilton and the New York Jazz Quintet. Urania UJLP 1204, $4.98.	The New York Jazz Quintet consists of Barry Galbraith, O. Pettiford, Sidney Gross, Osie Johnson, and—on about half of the three originals and five standards—Clark Terry. This is harmless conservative jazz, with Hamilton his usual studious, brushed self. The best sides have some of the flavor of the Bigard-Stewart-Reinhardt sides made in the late Thirties.
The Jazz Giants '56. Norgran MG N-1056, $3.98.	A near-classic session that features Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson, Teddy Wilson, Freddy Greene, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones. There are four standards and one up-tempo blues, all of which are delivered in solo form with no ensembles of any sort. A good deal of the excitement that you might expect from such a collision of similar minds and experiences is here, particularly in the work of Wilson, Jones, and Eldridge. There is also that loose-limbed flow that is so rare in modern jazz and that seems second nature to these men. What keeps this from being first-rate, however, is the lack of superstructures and some handsome clinkers.
Duke Jordon. Signal S 1202, $4.98.	Duke Jordon, the excellent pianist who emerged in the Forties with John Lewis, Al Haig, and Bud Powell, has never—probably because of his essential unobtrusiveness—gotten his share of the prize loaf. He has a simple, delicate, swinging style that always proposes emotion rather than sidestepping or concealing it. On one side here he is accompanied by Art Blakey and Percy Heath, and on the other by Cecil Payne and Eddie Bert plus the same rhythm. Both sides are fine, with Bert sounding as well as he ever has on records and Blakey proving again that he is a great, if limited, drummer. Five originals and five standards. Excellent.
Fontessa: The Modern Jazz Quartet. Atlantic 1231, $4.85.	The music of the MJQ has often been called aenemic and fussy. But the truth is, for the close listener, this subtle, creative group has as much tough interplay and more naked emotion than almost any other small group currently at work in jazz. John Lewis, in addition to being among the ablest jazz composers (his melodic invention is unequalled), is a continually touching soloist. Milt Jackson is nonpareil on his instrument, making his almost wild improvisations go down as properly as a lady finger. And the rhythm section of Percy Heath and Connie Kay is a triumph of uncluttered, firm motion. Three originals and four standards, including Lewis' four-part suite, "Fontessa." The MJQ's best record to date.
Seldon Powell. Roost LP 2205, $3.98.	Recently, a new school of "hard-bop" tenor saxophonists, led by Sonny Rollins, has appeared, and at its worst—hard, ugly, unlyrical—it is reminiscent of bad cigars. Seldon Powell, though a member, is less strident, has a richer, freer tone, and a more gentle address. He is surrounded here by B. Alexander, J. Nottingham, B. Bauer, A. Fishkind, and D. Lamond. Three originals and five standards.
The Bud Shank Quartet: Featuring Claude Williamson. Pacific Jazz PJ-1215, $3.98.	Bud Shank is one of the few young alto saxophonists who has not chosen to glorify the works of Charlie Parker. He is, admittedly, a Young-Getz admirer, and as a result has a calm, mellifluous, if sometimes rather unimaginative, style. Claude Williamson is a handsome, though rarely warming, Bud Powell follower, and the rhythm section is completed by Don Prell and Chuck Flores, who should do something about the muddy sound he gets on his instrument. Five standards and three originals.
The Modern Art of Jazz, by Zoot Sims. Dawn D1P-1102, $3.85.	Sims, along with Stan Getz, is the most exciting of the young tenor saxophonists, and when he is really working ("One to Blow On"), he is irresistible. Bob Brookmeyer is an adept complement here in the linear ensemble weavings, as well as a sound soloist. J. Williams' bristly piano, Milt Hinton, and Gus Johnson, who possesses the strength of ten, round out the personnel. Three standards and five originals. Note: There is a sameness of sound, structure, and tempo here that is at times dulling.
Joe Wilder. Savoy MG 12063, $4.95.	A lyrical, charming and wholly adroit modern-fundamental trumpeter, Wilder here coasts through four standards and one long blues with a light infectiousness that is continually compelling. Hank Jones is more than admirable throughout on piano and Wendall Marshall and Kenny Clarke are, as usual, just about perfect rhythmically. A first-rate record.
Woodlore: Featuring the Phil Woods Quartet. Prestige LP 7018, $4.98.	Phil Woods, like Bud Shank, is another non-Parker imitator and is, all in all, probably the most impressive altoist to arrive since Bird. He has a hot, flowing style—jammed with ideas—that has much of the plaintiveness of Bird in it, and "Get Happy" as heard here is, as Ira Gitler points out in the notes, something. Johnny Williams, Teddy Kotick, and Nick Stabulas are unruffled. —W. B.

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Do-It-Yourself Jazz

I HAVE been asked to say a few words for the benefit of those who are thinking of taking up amateur jazz playing as a hobby, or possibly, a source of inspiration. This is an uncomfortable assignment. I know by experience that the member of the country club who insists on joining the professional orchestra at the Saturday night dances is not, in fact, the happy, dizzy extrovert that he may seem to be. He is, on the other hand, the victim of a compulsion neurosis. Often against his own better judgment, he wants to play jazz. He wants the quite extraordinary pleasure of playing it with sympathetic musical associates, and with the response of an enthusiastic audience. This *can* happen. But, under the circumstances, the hazards are great. Like most neurotics, the amateur jazz player sets himself discouraging tasks. Time and time again he rushes at obstacles which are difficult, if not impossible, to surmount. In his case, these are 1) himself, 2) his jazz band associates, professional or amateur, and 3) his audience.

I shall take them up in order. My own instrument, if I may use so lordly a phrase, is the slide trombone. It is the instrument of such diverse masters as Kid Ory, Jack Teagarden and J. J. Johnson. Now I am continually aware that I have never devoted one-fiftieth of the time to the trombone that would be required to develop a professional lip, and I am uneasily certain that no amount of time would enable me to approach Ory's glissando folk-poetry, Teagarden's baroque lip-slurring, or Johnson's neo-classic sauvity. These men are not only trombonists: they are musicians. But when I attempt a solo chorus of "Tea for Two" I am apt to feel, as I near the ticklish bridge passage, that I have no suitable ideas for it, and that, even if I did, I would have no technical resources with which to set them forth. This is not exactly a mood to encourage confident improvising. In default of anything else, one simply goes on playing and brazens out the public effect.

At least, one tries to. The most obvious effect is on one's professional associates. They have, customarily, the most musical experience, the keenest ears and the most sophisticated taste in the country club or ballroom or wherever the session is taking place. Now, the relation between the professional and the amateur jazz musician perhaps deserves a good amount of careful examination. It has not received it. But I may suggest a familiar pattern when I say that a few months ago, after I had played a few quiet staves behind the sturdy trumpet of Boston's Max Kaminsky, he turned to me and said with the utmost politeness: "Wilder—do you mind?—we're trying to do a job here." He seemed as much embarrassed, in his way, as I was.

But one's encounters with the professionals are as nothing compared with the problems offered by one's fellow amateurs. The professionals know their superiority to oneself; the amateurs merely assume it. But in their natural, competitive way they can give rise to conflicts which may threaten old friendships, lead to unpleasant talk, or, worse yet, to stealthy canards at one's expense (these are easy to deliver while the drums are beating). Let me simply declare that the amateur who appears on a jazz band stand with another amateur runs a risk similar to that which he would incur were he to surreptitiously invite the other gentlemen's wife to a week-end at Atlantic City or Lake Ronkonkoma.

And now we come to the audience. In the main they respond happily and harmlessly to the most palpable emanations of the jazz music—the gusts, the pulsations, the louder stimuli. If someone were to play a lyrically conceived and subtly rendered passage, the audience might not fully take it in. At this moment one of the amateur's well-intentioned friends in the audience, flushed with buorbon and the beauties of syncopation, is all too likely to advance, seize the end of the trombone slide, and shake it in an ecstasy not only of delight but of approbation for the player himself. The player knows that he is playing very insecurely. He is fond of the slide shaker. But a trombone slide is, in its way, a precision instrument. Regrettable damage may have been done to it in this episode of misplaced exuberance—in any event, damage has been done to the amateur.

The latter is, as I said at the outset, a neurotic. I do not know quite what to suggest that he do about his case. Possibly the orthodox recommendation would be that he consult a psychoanalyst. Next suggestion?

—WILDER HOBSON.

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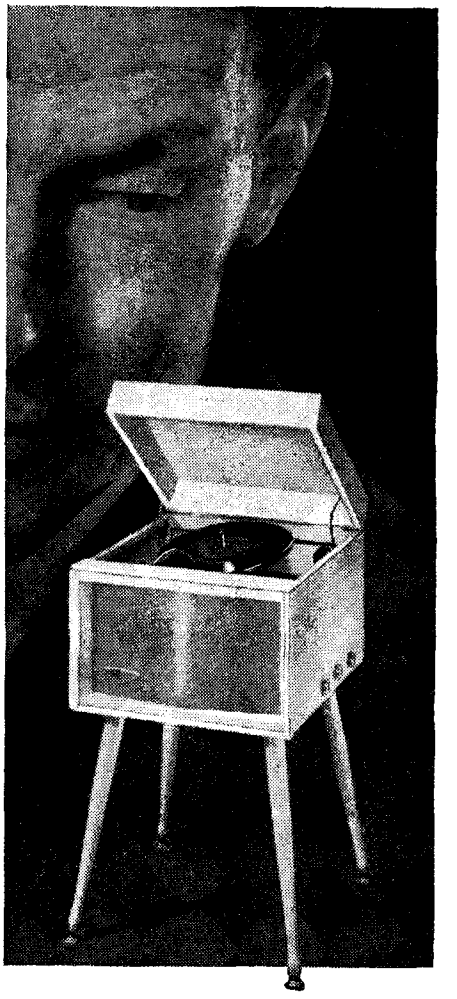

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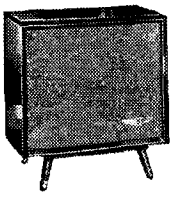

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The Men Who . . .

Continued from page 29

as has the engineering of Vanguard's Seymour Solomon.

Equal to Columbia's Avakian in the care and thoroughness of their historically rich reissue recordings have been Orrin Keepnews and Bill Grauer, Jr., of Riverside, who have gone beyond the major signposts of Avakian and have fortunately released large chunks of fascinating, however fuzzy, arcane jazz. Their more modern sessions so far have been well-intentioned but rather hill-and-daleish.

Creed Taylor, first at Bethlehem and now at the new and well-financed ABC-Paramount label, has occasionally indicated discriminating sensitivity (as in his Urbie Green and Dave McKenna collections for ABC-Paramount) and by and large, has produced a fair number of good, unpretentious sets. Taylor has also, however, produced some amount of dross and in his two most recent ABC-Paramount LPs—collections by Billy Taylor and Don Elliott—he is activating a dangerous middle-of-the-road approach that if pursued, can only lead to the kind of "popularizing" that ends in well-mannered tedium. Taylor too, like several of his a&r contemporaries, has an unfortunate penchant for cramming ten to twelve tracks onto one 12-inch LP, a procedure that is paradoxically a conspicuous waste of the flexible potential of the LP form as applied to jazz.

On the West Coast, a clear, clean, generally inventive standard of performance and packaging has been sustained by Contemporary Jazz, headed by former Paramount producer and writer Les Koenig and his associate, Dave Stuart, sometime actor, short story writer and book and record shopowner. Contemporary, like Vanguard in the east, first established optimum (for our passing monaural time) criteria of jazz engineering. Contemporary is concerned with modern jazz in many forms, written and blown. Koenig and Stuart also direct Good Time Jazz, a label for traditional and revivalist jazz that is operated with less care to aesthetics than Contemporary. A best-selling unit on GTJ is the Firehouse Five Plus Two which is most kindly categorized as jocularly dreadful.

Invaluable in the documentation of a number of "west coast jazz" aspects has been serious, bearded, astute Dick Bock of Pacific Jazz. Bock is also the first jazz label head to commission a series of original paintings for several of his albums from west coast artists on the plausible theory that "the jazz buyer is fully aware of, and very much interested in the allied arts."

Also of high professional competence as jazz a&r specialists are: Bill Savory (Angel) who has been restricted until now to what has been available to him from EMI's affiliates abroad; Leonard Feather (Period, and free-lance sessions for other labels), and Charlie and Celia Mingus (Debut) whose finances permit few sessions but most of whose product has uniquely illuminated one or more searching tangents of modern jazz. Jack Hooke and Teddy Reig (the oral historian of modern jazz) direct Roost Records, a determinedly modern jazz label that has a solid, and in places (their last two Sonny Stitt LPs, for instance), a vigorously rewarding catalogue.

Less consistent but intermittently of value have been Sol and Max Weiss and Saul Zaentz (Fantasy); George Wein (Storyville); the uncategorizable and unpredictable Emory Cook (Cook Laboratories); Gene Norman (Gene Norman Presents); Harry Babasin (first Nocturne and now Liberty, accenting the West Coast scene); traditionalist John Steiner (Paramount) and his occasional associate, the remarkable unswerving recorder of full-strength New Orleans jazz material, Bill Russell (American Music); modernists Gus Grant (Progressive), Eric Bernay (Keynote) and Chuck Darwin (Dawn-Seeco); Dixielander Joe Mares, Jr. (Southland); Jerry Newman and Bill Fox (Esoteric); and Sidney Gross (Urania). The ubiquitousness of Mr. Gross's guitar on his sessions, however, is in extremely dubious taste. Herb Dexter (Jubilee) and Herb Kimmel (Jazz: West) have yet to produce a wholly successful session.

A final sociological note, as pointed out by John Hammond: the only Negro a&r man concerned at least in part with jazz is Henry Glover of King, who has recorded pianist Sonny Thompson and organist Bill Doggett. It is a subject for another article and considerable self-examination in the record field that except for isolated examples like an engineer at Victor, an assistant to an a&r head at another major label, and very few others the Negro's place in the production of jazz, let alone pop, records is as musician-arranger only. And not only does this situation exist in the a&r end of jazz recordings. Not one recognized writer on jazz recordings is a Negro—except in the Negro press. The jazz scene isn't nearly as open-ended, at least in its non-playing divisions, as it fondly imagines itself to be.

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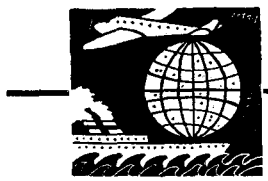

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Provincetown with Palms

WHILE meandering around the Caribbean the other week I put in for a time on the island of St. Thomas. It seems to have become, since I saw it last in 1950, a giant bazaar under the palms. It is no longer merely a matter of buying Scotch for $2.25 a bottle and cigarettes at a dime a pack, sampling the goods of Europe as well as local, island-inspired fashions at appealing prices. Now, praise be, there is an establishment called Cavanagh's, in a shopping center called Copenhagen Court, which dispatches its buyers to Hongkong each year to fetch the dust collectors that the tourists will stuff into their straw shopping-bags the following season. Although many shops are still tucked away in bougainvillea-festooned alleys, the Scandinavian Silver Center could displace itself immediately to the Rädhusplads in Copenhagen without changing a hairline of its architecture. Its front is all glass and stainless steel, and its shelves are loaded with Danish silver, Björn Wiinblad's noted pottery, Swedish crystal, Norwegian enameled silver, Danish and Swedish stainless steel flatware, sleek Danish wood things, and a few added starters that aren't Scandinavian at all.

Along the Droningsgade, which, with a singular lack of historical respect for its Danish beginnings, is called Main Street, you can buy Swiss watches, Ferragamo shoes, and Fornasetti chinaware from Italy, linens from Madeira, silks from Siam, cashmere from Scotland, beaded bags and crystal from France, and who knows what-all. And the interesting thing about it is that one would have to traipse all over the face of Europe to find such a selection as is being collected these days in St. Thomas. At a giant emporium called the Continental, which I had remembered from earlier visits here, I found an immense range of European goods, even those delicate rice-grained bowls made by Arabia of Helsinki, one of which I gingerly carried all the way from Finland some years back. They were cheaper here and approximately one-fifth of what they sell for in New York. An establishment called Little Switzerland was new to me, but I found it, with its tinkling music boxes and clocks, its immaculate shelves, and its Swiss prices, to be hardly different from any watch store in Switzerland. G. Beretta, which makes a specialty of the fine goods of Italy, has gone so far as to import Italian coral and Italian straw, which would seem to be bringing rum to Jamaica.

A gent yclept Sebastian, once a Fifth Avenue tailor, imports giant hamburgers, onion soup, pizzas, and garlic bread for homesick Americans just off the boat. In conjunction with his snack bar, an informal place equipped with orange chairs to match the owner's orange shirts, Sebastian runs a haberdashery (equipped with Russian billiards) and, as well, an upstairs nightclub brimming with sea fans and bamboo, known as the Snorkle Room.

Hard by Mr. Sebastian's own shopping center is a St. Thomas branch of Martha Sleeper's fashionable Puerto Rico *boutique*, and as I strolled through it the other day one of the clerks was luring the customers by managing a loud and wicked rhythm on a voodoo drum. Next door Sebastian's customers, or perhaps they were kibitzers, were playing Russian billiards, giant hamburgers were sizzling on the skillet, and life was, you might say, going on apace in the back-alleys of St. Thomas.

By nightfall the crowd was heavy at Yacht Haven, an open-air restaurant where in shorts and shirt one could dissect a charcoal-broiled steak while watching the yachts bob in the harbor and Canadian sailors in T-shirts and white ducks file off a flat-top. Downtown, an imbibery called the Patio reminded me of Provincetown in the Caribbean, what with the lights shining out of giant clam-shells over the bar, the water-colors decorating the walls, and risqué songs flowing out of the piano.

WHEREAS the dry-land civilians gather at the Patio, the disciples of the Navy's underwater demolition teams foregather at the Pink Barrel and sing rousing songs about life under the briney. It seems only right that the UDT people, as they are locally known, should find a cold-weather nest at St. Thomas, which seems to be developing into a sort of eastern headquarters for skin-divers. The largest assortment of equipment, and believe me there is a mess of it, is to be found at Caron's, owned by the parents of Leslie Caron, a girl whose form and visage have been indelibly recorded in Hollywood. And

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the largest assortment of types decked out in fins, masks, spears, and gas bottles may be found in the turquoise waters that surround the island.

St. Thomas is also the home of one of the world's few spearfishing schools, where students matriculate underwater. Clubs like the Blue Mantas hold Sunday excursions, spending the day under the surface spearing barracuda, snapper, moray eels, and octopus. A fifty-pound tarpon impaled by a spear-carrier's spear is not rare. The underwater people must beware of fire coral, a growth which inflicts severe burns to those who prowl underwater without wearing their gloves, and sea urchins, a prickly ball of trouble which stings with the force of a red-hot brand. As for barracuda, the dive-and-bubble boys insist that in spite of one of the most awesome pair of choppers in the animal world they do not bite. The same goes for sharks, who are merely curious and will never attack unless they get a whiff of blood, which they can whiff through the water. As long as you don't thrash around or dive around with a bloody nose you and a shark can co-exist in a bathtub, it says here in the spear-fisherman's manual.

—Horace Sutton.

Railroading in the U.S.A.

Crew Instructions Posted in the Private Railway Car of Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg

GENERAL

Generally speaking, food served aboard should be of quality instead of quantity. Mr. Clegg eats lightly and Mr. Beebe eats heartily. Breakfast is served between eight and noon. Lunch about one or one thirty and dinner about seven thirty or eight. Dinner in the evening is the main meal and other meals should be comparatively light.

BREAKFASTS

Usually Mr. Clegg orders eggs served at the same time with a dry cereal topped with fresh or tinned fruit and plain milk, no toast, and coffee.

Mr. Beebe, however, likes a hearty breakfast: three eggs with small sausages or bacon crisp, ham, small steak rare, lamb or pork chops, broiled fresh fish, creamed salted fish, grilled or creamed fowl, chipped beef, game steaks, cod fish balls. Cheese, Denver or Spanish omelette for variety. This with hot bread, biscuits, rolls or croissants. Lots of butter. Mr. Beebe likes fresh fruits, berries and melons to start, but no fruit juices or cereals. Do not stock all of the above—only what can be used without waste. Guests must content themselves with whatever is on hand for Mr. Beebe and Mr. Clegg.

DINNER

Soup is not served except on advance request. Instead, hors d'oeuvres are served with cocktails in the Observation Room. (Simple ones, smoked salmon & ground pepper on toast strips, caviar on ice with toast circles and lemon on the side, pâté de foie gras on ice with toast on the side etc.) Two kinds of hors d'oeuvre is sufficient each time.

Always stock plain good vanilla ice cream so that flaming desserts may be prepared (on request Mr. Clegg will show you how to prepare them in five minutes) and stock a variety of imported cheeses in small individual service packages. Make *regular coffee for breakfast and lunch and use the strong black* Italian coffee for dinner, served in the small coffee cups.

WINES

When asked for, red wine is served at room temperature, placed in the silver wine basket on the table—then served. Champagne, when asked for, is served ice cold from the silver ice bucket. Napkins are never wrapped around a wine bottle, but are used to wipe the bottle if wet, then held in the steward's left hand and used only to touch the lip of the bottle after pouring to avoid wine dripping on the table.

AVOID SERVING

Avoid serving veal, hamburg or other chopped meats, croquettes, liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, tripe, West Coast fish (except shrimp and Olympia oysters); avoid parsnips, turnips, carrots (except tiny fresh ones) and go lightly on starches (potatoes, lima beans, rice, macaroni, noodles, spoon breads etc.)

Do not order fresh oranges, grapefruit or other bulky fruit. Instead order tinned or concentrated frozen juices for guests in very small quantities. Order just enough fresh fruits (bananas, grapes, tangerines, pears, etc.) to keep the small fruit bowl in the Observation Room refreshed.

Serve only rich or unusual puddings. Otherwise avoid them.

THE BAR

The ice container in the bar should be filled with cracked ice (largest lumps about the size of walnuts or regular ice cubes) in the morning when icing the water coolers and should be checked and refilled as required throughout the day and evening. Refill before retiring. The bar should be supplied with fresh glasses of all sizes. Glasses must not be stored or allowed to accumulate in the galley.

One bottle of Champagne and two bottles of beer should always be chilling in the back portion of the bar ice-container. There should always be three bottles of Champagne and three bottles of beer chilling in the large storage refrigerator on the platform as reserve. When removing a bottle from the large storage refrigerator, always replace it with a warm bottle from the liquor cabinet so there will always be the proper number on storage ice. Also see that one bottle of Zubrovka is constantly chilling in the storage refrigerator.

TABLE SERVICE

BREAKFAST: Use the plain gold linens on the table.

LUNCHEON: In cold climates use the plain gold linens and the gold mats at each place. In warm climates use the gold mats alone on the table with the plain gold napkins.

DINNER: Use the fancy design gold damask cloths and napkins.

NOTE: A small glass ash tray and an individual salt & pepper shaker is set at each meal for each person.

WATERING & FEEDING THE DOG

Mr. T-Bone Towser (called Towser), the giant St. Bernard dog is very gentle. The breed is known for the many lives they have saved in the Alp Mountains and their trustworthiness as guardians for infant children.

The Steward will be asked occasionally to water or walk Towser. When off the car he MUST be chained to his leash at all times. He prefers a grassy or bushy spot but will settle for a lamp post or fire plug if necessary.

He will follow orders as follows if given in a slow commanding voice:

Come here Towser. (He will come.)
Sit down Towser. (He will sit) then,
Shake hands, Towser. (If distracted, repeat and pat his leg.)
Stay, Towser. (He will remain in the spot and position he is occupying when the command is given.)
Be quiet, Towser. (He will lie down. Sometimes.)

His water pan should be available to him at all times, on the platform or on newspapers in the dining room or back hallway. He has the run of the car and can open all swinging doors by himself.

He is fed once a day in the evening after dinner. About two cups of crumbled dog biscuit is mixed with the equivalent amount of tinned or partially cooked meat, a dash of yeast powder and cod liver oil, and enough warm water to make a stew. The meat may be replaced with fish or fowl IF ALL BONES ARE FIRST REMOVED from the fish or fowl. He likes and can eat all other bones—but NOT fish or fowl which will choke him. Save him meat scraps from the table.

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Disarmament

Continued from page 14

at a big Soviet aviation center saw a flight of jet bombers take off with a load of bombs. How could they know whether this was a routine training flight or another Pearl Harbor?

Bolte would prohibit bombers above all, and also intercontinental ballistic missiles, A- and H-bombs, and every heavy instrument of death including, obviously, bacteriological abominations. The trouble with previous disarmament schemes, he affirms, is they were incomplete. "If the political will can be established to achieve disarmament at all," he writes, "it will be found easier to arrive at agreement on complete disarmament than on partial disarmament."

But what about this "political will"? Many people feel it is idle to talk disarmament before confidence reigns. Bolte, however, insists that confidence will only follow disarmament. Bolte's horse is the other fellow's cart.

These logical propositions suggest that what is reasonable may not be realistic. Bolte knows it; his head is not in the clouds, he says. He is aware that his detailed scheme "seems at the moment so far from the possible that one hesitates even to mention it." The Soviet Government, he suspects, is unlikely to accept it. Yet he sees a little light ray in recent Soviet internal developments. Military preparedness is aggravating the Kremlin's grave domestic economic and political difficulties (food is being imported). Stalin's heirs recognize the non-Soviet world is not in its decline; war, therefore, would be death to both sides.

Bolte's chief preoccupation, however, is with his own country. If America were ready to back a plan for total, enforceable disarmament (plus a U.N. which is the only power armed with arms and the authority to prosecute and punish individuals in any country who violate the disarmament code) half the battle would be won. Here Bolte appeals to Americans to see through the fog and act now, and in doing so he steps over on to the moral ground occupied by Senator Flanders. Bolte's final plea is to man. Man will either learn loyalty to absolute values or become obsolete.

Flanders's credo starts with abhorrence of war: "The atom bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were merely more efficient forms of an already adopted bestiality." Any attempt to defeat and occupy Russia and China "would ruin the victors." The acquisition of territory "is not in the national interest of the United States." If Moscow gives us the slightest chance we must improve our relations with the Soviets; we have no quarrel with the Soviet peoples—on the contrary, they are victims of the regime which Flanders reviles. Yet though he condemns Communist economics and extols the capitalist profit system he can see circumstances in which foreign nations might need a measure of socialism. He is tolerant and a pluralist. He "turns the searchlight inward," as Mahatma Gandhi advised, and criticizes the United States too. In dispensing aid to overseas countries, he writes, "our purpose is not to bribe an alliance or to purchase gratitude. Our purpose is to help *people*. . . ." The Iron and Bamboo Curtains are repugnant to him and an indication of Communist lack of trust in their own citizens. "But our skirts are not clean. . . ." For we have the McCarran Act, which shuts out many foreigners or admits them on humiliating conditions. He calls the act "a Nylon Curtain of our own."

Americans ought to grow up. In maturity we would be better prepared to surrender a portion of our national sovereignty to a world government. But as a liberal (because he loves liberty) and a moderate Senator Flanders rejects a do-all world government. The world government of the future would confine itself "to foreign relations and mutual defense." Other functions should be reserved to the constituent nation states. This, he says, is "The Grand Project." It resembles the Bolte Plan.

If it all sounds far-fetched and fictional maybe that is because our brains have been outdistanced by the high-speed bombers, missiles, and atoms. Maybe that is why we are resorting more and more to mechanical brains to do the calculating while very few human heads do any thinking.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

were but houses and it took more than servants to make a home." He is being exploited by his servants and victimized by both the government and warring political gangs. Into this situation trips a blue-eyed, elfin-faced young woman from one of Seoul's orphanages, looking for a job; from here to the melodramatic climax in an invaded Seoul the resemblance to a class-B movie increases. Tough Johnny forsakes his money and dancing girls, makes ice-cream for the children at the orphanage, and engages in other philanthropic acts. The subject matter becomes absurd, the characters unbelievable. Even the language is either awkward or clichéd: the girl's "slight body tensed, then grew limp as his lips closed on hers." But the girl is safe; Johnny has fallen in love: "We're going to be married, and we're going to build a home . . . with a fireplace."

Mr. Sneider has already demonstrated that he is a versatile and talented young man. In several of these stories the versatility is more apparent than the talent.

LADY NAMED LOU UP TO DATE: Roy Chanslor has picked up an appropriate title for his novel **"The Ballad of Cat Ballou"** (Little, Brown, $3.50), because it is a ballad for sure, and one in that bawdy, sometimes ribald, pseudo-tear-jerking tradition that has done so much in the past to soup up the American literary scene. Presumably based on a bunkhouse ballad of old Wyoming, this one tells of a hot-blooded gal who was loved by one man, lusted after by many others, and who ended up behind bars more than once in her career.

She stood there in the courtroom,
An' she heard the sentence dread,
As the judge said, "You must dangle
By the neck until you're dead."

Mr. Chanslor's version of the ballad is in prose, but it swings and sways in its movement. I suspect he has twisted the noses of a thousand writters of Westerns, for not only does Cat Ballou probably stem from a lady known as Lou but, for good measure, the author has lavishly dipped into the plethora of mammary glands that in late years have trademarked such yarns as "Forever Amber," effectively transferring all this to what he calls Wyoming. Did Cat Ballou so dangle by the neck? Did she join the others on Boot Hill or did she go to a greater reward? Just when you suspect that Mr. Chanslor somehow has managed an incredibly silly book he closes an eye, boots you back into line, and pleasantly reminds you you are reading a Western to end all Westerns, a *tour de force,* a dime novel of the first water. —DONALD HOUGH.

LADY OR TIGER?: For those who remember Helen McInnes's psychological thriller, "Above Suspicion," Paul Hyde Bonner's brief new novel, **"With Eyes Wide Open"** (Scribner, $2.75), may be described as a restrained variation on the same theme keyed to the *haut monde.* Its methods are oblique. It hints circumspectly at the possible core of menace underlying the enigmas of its story. At the end, in lady-or-tiger fashion, we are left to guess at the truth of the past and the shape of coming events.

The wealthy American Anthony Gaylord, seeking distraction from the grief of his wife's recent death, is solacing himself with solitary shooting in the Scottish lowlands. Thrown into an encounter with the noblewoman from whom he has leased the hunting rights, he discovers her to be a dazzling, sharp-shooting beauty. By the time Anthony discovers he is falling in love with Emily it develops that she has been twice widowed. In both cases the circumstances had been harrowing—and odd. People become self-conscious when her name is mentioned. When Emily comes to America to be Anthony's guest for some return-engagement shooting in South Carolina's swank plantation region (a white-haired financier-statesman has the place nearby) another death occurs to blight the jolly party.

We are left with the puzzle: did she, or didn't she? If she did, what prospect awaits Anthony Gaylord as "with both eyes open" he commits himself to marry Emily in a few months' time. Smooth, like all of Mr. Bonner's work, it is also curiously unreal, cool, and detached. It leaves me cool and detached. I don't much care whether the praying mantis eats Anthony Gaylord or not.

—EDMUND FULLER.

OLD-TIME BOSS: In **"The Big Fella"** (Macmillan, $3.95) Henry W. Clune reconstructs the political climate of an upstate New York town in the early years of the century. Mr. Clune knows his Americana well and describes it in realistic detail—from the gaslit foyer of the town fancy house (where the Big Fella picks up the monthly "ice" at the start of his career in statecraft) to the beery precincts of a political picnic (where he is tapped as a candidate for governor). The large gentleman is Dan Herne, a muscular politician whose talent for organizing his fellows carries him almost to the political heights, and who is made by Mr. Clune into the prototype of an American ward boss in the years before World War I. The vitality which Mr. Clune gives to Herne and his milieu is not shared by the other members of the cast; the long-suffering wife, the sensitive son, the Lillian Russellish Other Woman move woodenly against the richly documented background—but Mr. Clune's story has enough to sustain it nevertheless. —MARTIN LEVIN.

—Jacket design for "The Big Fella."

". . . talent for organizing his fellows."

JEWS IN AMERICA: Readers acquainted with Charles Angoff's affectionate novels on American-Jewish life are sometimes astonished at the vast canvas of his work and the hundreds of characters who people his books. Now, in his latest collection of short stories, **"Something About My Father and Other People"** (Yoseloff, $4.50), he introduces dozens of characters who do not appear in his novels, yet they are recognizable as the same sort of people.

In this collection of thirty-five short stories, mostly about Jews in America, Mr. Angoff focuses on undramatic, lonely forever-seeking men and women, who find that life, in its casually cruel way, passes them by. A woman is barren; a few men and women veer away from Judaism and find emptiness in its stead; a husband is cuckolded; a little boy remembers Anna Pavlova dancing.

These tales, as anyone can see, are

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Björnson. 2. Carmer. 3. Collodi. 4. Cullen. 5. Defoe. 6. Elliott. 7. Frost. 8. Greene. 9. Hughes. 10. Larcom. 11. Lewisohn. 12. Mitchell. 13. Maeterlinck. 14. Miller. 15. Moore. 16. Onions. 17. Rolland. 18. Sassoon. 19. Spender. 20. Tasso.

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not blood-and-thunder adventure stories, nor are they sophisticated mood-and-atmosphere stories made famous in some of our slicker quality magazines. Neither are they left-over slivers from Charles Angoff's fictional workshop. They are solid character sketches and, more often than not, the people come to life.

In "Goldie Tabak" Mr. Angoff depicts the attractive shop girl who is admired from a distance by the narrator. That Goldie eventually leaves the scene in an attempt to defeat the tuberculosis that will claim her life is sad, but no sadder than most of the stories spun by the writer. "Simche der Chochem" is the story of a dentist who wants desperately to be a medical doctor. His attempt—which fails—is, somehow, typical of most of the men and women captured in these pages.

What distinguishes these stories is that Mr. Angoff—especially in his Jewish tales, which make up more than two-thirds of the stories—has a firm foundation of facts on which to build his Jewish characters. There is not here the glibness of Herman Wouk's characters, nor the Old Testament people of Sholem Asch. Mr. Angoff's Jews live in America and if you want to know the American Jew this is where you will find him.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

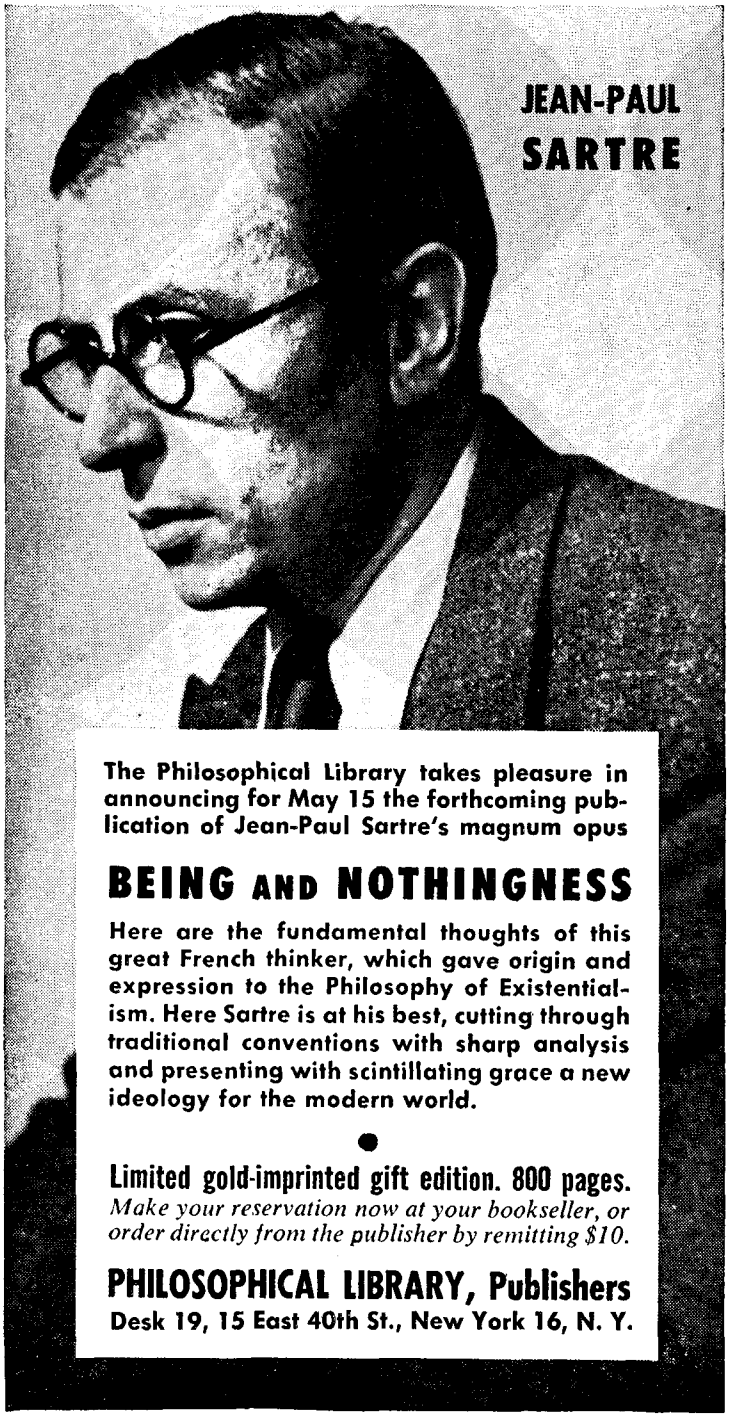
ALSO NOTED: "The Captive Rider," by Anne Downes Miller (Lippincott, $3.50), makes it plain that marrying a banker's daughter may lead to social but not to marital success. When Roger Parton looks up from his business affairs long enough to see that a personal crisis is brewing it dawns on him that he has lost the girl he should have married in the first place. Veteran-novelist Miller ("Speak to Me, Brother," "Heartwood," etc.) presents her social milieu convincingly and probes the human personality with skill and some depth.

"The Empire," by George de Mare (Putnam, $3.95), is yet another addition to the shelf of novels about big business. One by one Mr. de Mare tests the public-relations men on the staff of the Empire and most of them are dismally found wanting. There is the love- and memo-worn executive who takes his life, the discarded section head who succumbs to thrombosis, the promising junior exec who lands on skid row when his wife has a nervous breakdown, and a host of hired and fired hands terrorized by the pay check. The Empire itself is a graveyard of ideals and cold-eyed caretakers who bare teeth to the inmates and exude charm to the public. Occasionally this first novel catches fire when it deals pointedly with desk problems, but too often it falls apart trying to cope with a diverse variety of bed situations.

"The Dispossessed," by Geoffrey Wagner (Devin-Adair, $3.50), tells of British Army Captain Terrell who is discharged from a mental hospital bearing a tag of "constitutional inferiority" after being shellshocked in North Africa. Inadequate though the diagnosis is, it ruins Terrell's career in Britain so effectively that he and his loyal wife take refuge in the U.S. An innocent mishap here lands him in the hospital where, once his case history as a psychoneurotic is revealed, the whole "therapeutic" routine begins all over again. In despair he commits suicide. Poet-critic Wagner does a good deal of ranting against "Uncle Siggy's textbook" as interpreted by psychiatrists, but his highly competent storytelling makes the book a minor *tour de force*.

"A Man's World," by Douglas Fairbairn (Simon & Schuster, $3), takes us into the adolescent world of an orphaned French girl and a roving deckhand on a luxury yacht. After a barroom courtship in Cannes the couple plot a stowaway elopement but are frustrated. This simply-narrated, tender first novel is a sort of male counterpart of Françoise Sagan's "Bonjour Tristesse."

—S. P. MANSTEN.



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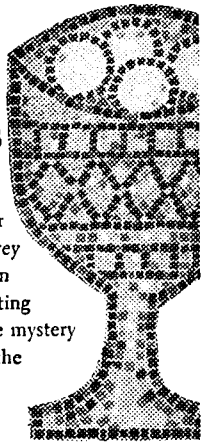

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Science-Fiction and Opinion

Continued from page 10

passenger on the cruiser she stowed away to join him.

She cannot, however. *She has to be thrown out into space.* The EDS is a space parachute; it has a quantity of fuel calculated by the great electronic calculator aboard the cruiser to be just adequate to land the mass of the EDS on the planet. The fuel is *not* adequate to land the unexpected additional mass of the girl. If she stays aboard her added mass will make the EDS fall the last dozen miles.

No matter what is done she must die. She can stay aboard and die in the crash—which means the pilot and the expedition on the planet will also die, because of the loss of the medical supplies. Or she can die alone in cold, dark space. So she stays aboard the EDS just long enough to write a couple of short letters—then she has to be thrown out into space. There she dies; the interstellar liner has long gone on its way, and can't get back.

It isn't that the scientist-pilot is cold-blooded or unemotional; the Cold Equations of Motion are. It's a matter of the inexorable facts of gravity, momentum, kinetic energy, and fuel supply, not the pilot's desires or wishes, that determine the case. Not the pilot, but the Equations of Motion determine that at a certain point in time and space the girl's mass must cease to be part of the EDS ship—and it doesn't matter a bit that tradition says the girl must be protected, that the pilot's inner conviction is that she should be, and that the opinions of others hold that she should live.

Don't mistake the messenger for the source of the news; don't mistake this cold, hard, ruthlessness as a characteristic of the scientist—it's a characteristic of the Universe. The scientist does sometimes make the human mistake of projecting his own ability to accept that ruthlessness of reality on others. That produces the familiar appearance of the "cold-blooded, unemotional scientist." It's just that, like Colonel Stapp, the true scientist is willing to acknowledge and work with that cold, inexorable system of facts. Since we must know what a living human being can stand, and there is no possible substitute for a living human being, Colonel Stapp rides the rocket-sled.

THE modern juvenile delinquent seeks to prove he has courage—that he's brave—and gets into gang fights. He mistakes bravado, and the desperate courage of the cornered animal, for the quiet, conscious courage that can face predicted danger and walk into it knowingly and consciously. But can you imagine the juvenile-delinquent type sitting quietly on that loaded rocket sled while heavy leather and plastic straps bind him absolutely immovably in place, sitting quietly in the knowledge that the question in hand is whether or not he will ever see again? Is such a man as Colonel Stapp unemotional? I think, rather, that he is simply capable of a degree of dedication that we more ordinary people can't quite grasp. The professional research scientist has to understand that when he starts an experiment he must be consciously, knowingly willing to sacrifice his own beliefs, ideas, and deeply held opinions; the answer may not be what he expects. Certainly, Colonel Stapp *expected* to survive in good health—but he faced the fact that he didn't *know* that he would.

The scientist-type, then, is a different (not super-, and not infra-) human type. If a science-fiction author understandingly and accurately characterizes that human type . . . what is his reward from the standard literary critic?

"The characters are inhuman, robot-like automata, lacking normal

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 672

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 672 will be found in the next issue

JRA ADZQAZJ MAKZNG

JN TAUAQHA QZ

NGA'Z NVG ZAEB.

—ATVDKT CIEVAK

EWJJNG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 671

Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts.—"History."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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human motivation," says the critic. Or the author is accused of trying to invent supermen with inhuman motivations. His stories are said to be authoritarian or his characters accused of being dogmatic aristocrats.

It's very difficult to distinguish between an accurate prophet and an authoritarian dictator—but the distinction is very important. The trouble is, each has the characteristic that he tells people around him exactly what they're going to do, and, willy-nilly, like it or not, the people have to do it. That's what *accurate* prophecy means!

There's a human tendency to assume that what the prophet predicts is what he *wants* to have happen. The pilot of the EDS bubble in "The Cold Equations" predicted accurately what *would* happen—but that had no relationship whatever to what he *wanted* to have happen. A mother can tell her child exactly what will happen if he sticks his hand in the fire; that doesn't mean she *wants* it to happen.

People think they want to have someone give them accurate prophecies of tomorrow. That is not what they want; they want inaccurate prophecies—for an accurate prophecy would compel you to go on under an inexorable, inescapable compulsion of preordained and unalterable fate. That's what the concept of accurate prophecy means — and that's why prophecy is so unpopular. What does the term "a regular Jeremiah" mean? It means a prophet whose words are hatefully accurate. Prophetic values have, quite understandably, been given a low rating in human affairs. They can be so unpleasant. But science-fiction's fundamental purpose is to make accurate, loose prophecies of general trends. Like a stock-market analyst, the science-fiction author can't predict any one stock—but he does fairly well on the broad trends. Where the market analyst seeks to predict the broad trends of the market, the science-fiction author seeks to predict broad trends in the culture.

Occasionally highly accurate specific hits will be made—as in the case of the atomic bomb. But normally science-fiction does a pretty good job of broad-scale prediction. We have accurately predicted the rise of hypersonic aircraft, the rising use of rocket engines, the introduction of electronic computers, automation, atomic weapons, and atomic power.

Naturally, prophecy being what it is, we can't say how accurate our present predictions are . . . yet. If you're curious you can take a look at the magazines. But if being told what you will be involved in smacks of someone trying to dictate to you—skip science-fiction. It'll irritate you without entertaining or interesting you.

Science

Continued from page 18

optimistic treasure-hunting skin-divers should read).

At times Mr. Dugan's writing is in the poetic style of Rachel Carson. In his chapter "The Last Frontier" he describes the promise of the sea as a source of world food supply as a farm land that "requires no tillage, no fertilizer, no vermin spray, and no rain . . . a culture broth endlessly creating." In general, however, his writing has a strong earthy flavor that reflects the essentially masculine nature of his topic.

"Man Under the Sea" contains an amusing and interesting selection of illustrations depicting underwater devices used by man, treasures and archeological findings recovered from the sea bottom, and echograms showing the wreck of the *Lusitania* and what might be the "Loch Ness Monster." At the end of the book there are a calendar of "Events in Underwater History" from 415 B.C. to 1955 A.D. covering over 300 significant and historically interesting items, and a fairly comprehensive "Undersea Bibliography." All of which make it a valuable reference work as well as a good readable omnibus about a subject that fascinates many laymen.

EXPLORING THE PYRAMIDS: In **"The Mountains of Pharoah"** (Rinehart, $5) Leonard Cottrell has, I am sorry to say, produced an undistinguished book about the pyramids of Egypt. Mr. Cottrell deals with pyramid exploration, not with the history and development of the pyramids themselves (nor with the grand civilization that produced them). His method is to pile one quotation on top of another, his purpose in doing it is to let us see for ourselves just how the early visitors to the pyramids felt about things and how they went about their exploring. Unfortunately, the quotations frequently serve the purpose of confusing the reader with trivia. We get under way with a chapter devoted to "Herodotus and the Rest," where Cottrell remarks that nothing was too insignificant to escape Herodotus's notice; and so he himself includes the ancient historian's description of how to catch crocodiles. He also rather disarmingly warns off the "ultra-serious-minded reader." I myself confess to a love of "frivolous anecdotes," but there are ways and ways of popularizing. C. W. Ceram's "The Secret of the Hittites" is a recent example of how an attractive style can be wedded to sound scholarship.

—C. A. Robinson, Jr.

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(Continued from page 43)

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VACATIONS

WHITE MOUNTAINS—CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE, Bald Hill Lodge. High elevation, completely modern. Excellent Food. Quiet, informal. A.P. $55-$65.

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SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS

Virginia Kahl

MAXIE

The author of *Away Went Wolfgang!* tells the hilarious story of an ambitious dachshund who yearns to be "big, brave and fast." Again the story is set in Austria, with amusing four-color illustrations by the author.

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Françoise

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The much-loved little French girl, Jeanne-Marie, now leaves the farm and her friends to visit her aunt in "gay Paree." The author's illustrations in two and four colors are charming.

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Marion Renick

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The popular triplets and their dog ride in the Diesel engine of the Silver Streamer and have an exciting time finding out about trains and railroading. Illustrated by *Marian Honigman.*

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The newest addition to the author's "little zoo" presents the African lion family, the puma, and other big cats. *Garry MacKenzie's* very handsome two-color illustrations appear on almost every page.

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Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

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The companion book to *The Thanksgiving Story* and *The Columbus Story* introduces children to Independence Day. "Miss Dalgliesh has a genius for...simplification of history."—*Christian Science Monitor.* Illus. in full color by *Marie Nonnast.*

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—"The Little Bookroom."

47 PICTURE BOOKS

48 FOR YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS

50 IMAGINATIVE TALES

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58 BOOKS FOR TEEN-AGERS

AS WE welcome with delight the new children's books of this year we are glad to learn of the honors being paid to the outstanding books of the last year. The Caldecott and Newberry awards, the most distinguished of awards, were reported in the April 21 Saturday Review. *Two other sets of awards have been recently announced*

The Boys' Clubs of America announced on April 1 that Junior Book Award Medals had been given to "Eddie and His Big Deals," by Carolyn Haywood (Morrow), "Great Discoveries in Modern Science," by Patrick Pringle (Roy), "Switch on the Night," by Ray Bradbury (Pantheon), "Wheels, A Pictorial History," by Edwin Tunis (World), and "Wings Against the Wind," by Natalie Savage Carlson (Harper).

The Child Study Association of America announced at its annual luncheon April 2 that "Crow Boy," by Taro Yashima (Viking) and "Plain Girl," by Virginia Sorensen (Harcourt), had been selected to receive its annual Children's Book Award.

Reviewers for this issue: Maria Cimino, Associate Librarian, Central Children's Room, The New York Public Library; Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor, School Library Service, Raleigh, N.C.; Marjorie Halderman, Supervisor, Public School Libraries, Astoria, Oregon; Rosemary E. Livsey, Director, Work with Children, Los Angeles Public Library; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, S.C., Public Library; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Specialist, Children's Literature, Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Esther Walls Pappy, Vocational Schools Specialist, Young People's Services, The New York Public Library; Mildred R. Phipps, Supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, Calif., Public Library; Lucile W. Raley, Consultant, Library Services, Waco, Texas, Public Schools; Grace P. Slocum, Coordinator, Young People's Services, Brooklyn, N.Y., Public Library; Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library

PICTURE BOOKS

JEANNE-MARIE IN GAY PARIS. *Written and illustrated by Françoise. Scribner's.* $2.75. Jeanne-Marie, the little French girl who is well known to American children from three earlier books, leaves the farm for a visit to her Aunt Rose in Paris. Every day brings new adventures and lots of fun, but she remembers to buy presents for her friend Jean-Pierre and Patapon, her white sheep back home.

Everything in Paris is gay, gay, gay. The charming illustrations in two and four colors reflect the author-artist's love of the city in which she lives. —MILDRED R. PHIPPS.

THE CUNNING TURTLE. *Written and illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Viking.* $2. The high moment of this tale is the mighty orchestration of the birds—thrushes with their flutes, owls booming away on their contrabasses, woodpeckers with their drums, storks rattling their beaks, and geese trumpeting clear notes. The only unwinged member at this cloudland festival was the cunning Mr. Turtle, who guilefully managed to be there, too. Mr. Turtle has his counterpart in ambition in the "Toad who lived on Albury Heath and wanted to see the world" (Roundabout turn by Robert H. Charles). Toad went off on his quest on his own feet, unsteady though they proved to be, while the cunning Mr. Turtle hitchhiked, hidden in Mr. Buzzard's guitar.

To the delight of small listeners, Mr. Wiese has added a touch of "and that's how" to his fable by explaining why turtles now have cracks in their shells. Freshly funny and ingenious in the telling and in the pictures. Do not miss the sidelight on turtle family life.

—ROSEMARY E. LIVSEY.

WAS IT A GOOD TRADE? *By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. Drawings by Irene Haas. Harcourt, Brace.* $1.95. This gay nonsense book for the very young has many elements that make it kin to Mother Goose rhymes. It stirs the imagination as each trade leads to a new difficulty and so to another trade. The size and shape of the book, four inches tall and twice as wide, gives it somewhat the appearance of a glorified comic strip and may make it difficult for libraries to shelve. Its folklike rhymes will make it a "read-it-again" book. From the very first trade of a knife for a wife to the very last page with its folk tune for the rhymes it has charm.

—MARY PEACOCK DOUGLAS.

LION. *By William Pène du Bois. Viking.* $3. What a delightful fable for young and old! William Pène du Bois, with his keen eye for architectural detail and design, has created an original and funny book in which story and pictures set each other off neatly. The story makes us acquainted with artist-angels busily at work creating animals in the fabulous Animal Factory up in the sky. There is even an Artist Foreman in this factory. He decides to try his hand at drawing again, to create a Lion. With the aid of the other artists he discovers that from idea to execution the road is not easy.

Any age will enjoy the humor and invention of the tale. The illustrations

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are stunning. It is an altogether well-designed and fully-realized book. —Maria Cimino.

FOR YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS

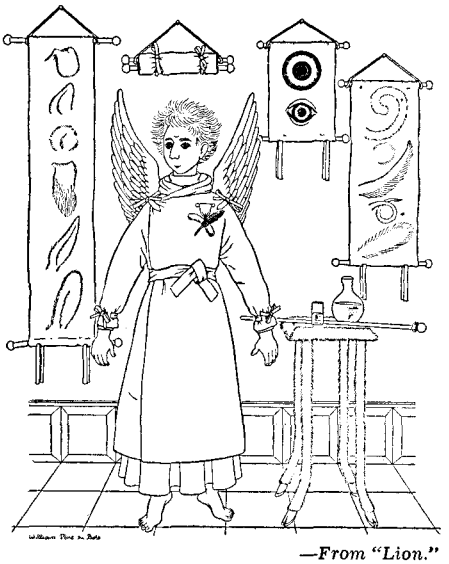
MOLLY IN THE MIDDLE: *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.25. Though Molly, proud of her middle position in a family of nine, is usually the center of the various escapades characteristic of so large a number of children, it is the family as a whole that is important in this New England story. Miss Lattimore makes the other children and the parents as real as Molly, and from their everyday activities and relationships constructs a gentle story. It is especially for little girls who are just beginning to read.

—F. L. S.

SOD HOUSE ADVENTURE. *By Bonnie Bess Worline. Illustrated by Kathleen Voute. Longmans, Green.* $2.75. A year in the lives of the Dawson family in their sod house in early Kansas is told simply and charmingly by the author. Phoebe and her brother Hartley spend an exciting few days when they are left in charge of the house and the smaller children during a blizzard.

They keep the fires going, feed the little ones, and even have a taffy pull to while away the time. Suddenly a knock is heard at the door, and in great fear the door is opened to disclose an Indian mother with her sick baby. Phoebe cures the child by using her mother's remedies. Months later the children are rewarded by the Indian tribe with a most wonderful gift. The book is excellently illustrated by Kathleen Voute.

—Marjorie Halderman.



—*From "Lion."*

". . . artist angels creating animals."

PIRATE'S DOLL: The Story of the China Poblana. *Written and illustrated by Eula Long. Knopf.* $2.50. *Quien sabe?* It may be true that it was a little Chinese princess who gave Mexico its national fiesta costume, the famed China Poblana. Eula Long has treasured this Mexican legend, clothed it in the rich colors of the Orient, and made it warmly appealing to children through the touchingly tender story of Meenah, the shy homesick Chinese child. Captured by pirates, she was befriended by the kindly Captain Sosa, who took her to his home in Puebla, Mexico. There the little Meenah planned to make a full Mexican skirt for herself from her beautiful Chinese robes. At this point the story ends, with merely the suggestion of the dress later to become famous as La China Poblana. Little girls will not be too concerned with the legendary basis of the story, and will want to know more of Meenah. Perhaps the charming pictures with which Eula Long has embroidered her tale will tell them even more of Meenah's story than the text.

—R. E. L.

AUCTION TODAY. *By Helen Train Hilles. Illustrated by Veronica Reed. Lippincott.* $2.25. The Volunteer Fire Department needed a new engine—a shiny red engine—but lacked the money necessary to buy it. With the help of the schoolchildren, the town held an auction that raised the needed funds. The high point in the story centers around the bidding for some "old" books, one of which happened to be a New England primer. Beginning readers will enjoy this story of a community activity. —F. L. S.

THE PEDDLER'S CART. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Macmillan.* $2.75. This is the story of George Messenger's unforgettable summer when his father took him peddling in New York State, jogging along behind that ugly but well-matched team Pro, the amiable, and Con, the ornery. The movement of the story is as slow as the peddler's cart must be, but the reader's interest never lags. Each chapter is a vignette of the rural America in which they traveled. Something interesting was bound to happen in the company of Mr. Messenger. He had an inquiring mind. There was, for instance, the night he belled the rat. Each day brought something new and wonderful for George to hold in his memory to tell to his mother and brothers during the long evenings at the farm.

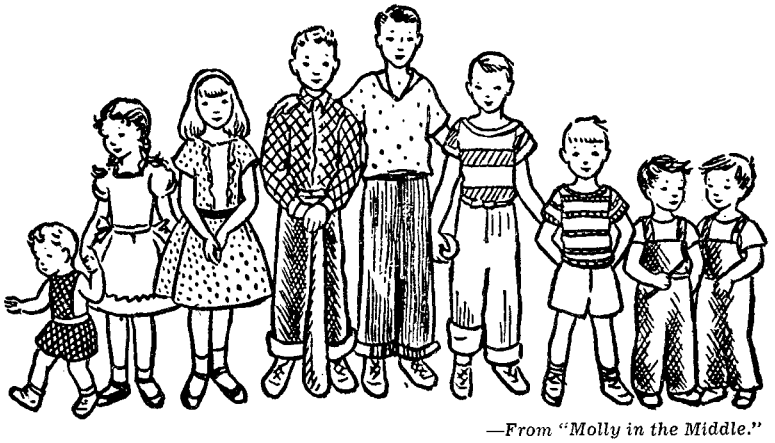
—Aileen O'Brien Murphy.

THE SWORD IN THE TREE. *By Clyde Robert Bulla. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Crowell.* $2.50. There is genuine atmosphere in this story of Arthurian England. When a wicked knight disposed of Shan's father and took the castle for his own Shan journeyed to Camelot to seek aid from the King.

The story is written simply enough for many eight-year-olds to read for themselves, but it is told convincingly and with dignity and may serve to encourage an earlier than usual interest in medieval times. The line drawings are in keeping with the story, and type and format are inviting to the youngest reader.

—Ruth Hill Viguers.

DANGEROUS ISLAND. *By Helen Mather-Smith Mindlin. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee. Dodd, Mead.* $2.75. Youngsters in the eight-to-twelve-year range will find this story of three modern junior Robinson Crusoes quite to their liking. When the moorings on their raft break loose Pug and his friends Frank and Dorothy are blown to sea and stranded on an amazing rock island. Their ingenuity in finding and fixing food, in preparing a shelter for themselves, in keeping their fire going, and in signaling for help seem beyond their years, but not beyond possibility. The rescue by the United States Coast Guard is both thrilling and instructive. For good measure there is a mystery and a treasure. —M. P. D.



—*From "Molly in the Middle."*

". . . proud of her middle position in a family of nine."

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VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

Illustration from LION by William Pène du Bois

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Mr. Turtle's trip to cloudland for a meeting of the winged musicians, and why all turtles have cracked backs. Chuckling pictures. *Ages 4-7* $2.00

THE DOG THAT COULD SWIM UNDER WATER by GEORGE SELDEN
Illustrated by Morgan Dennis

The memoirs of Flossy Thompson, an enterprising and literary springer spaniel. Delightfully humorous, with many pictures. *Ages 8-12* $2.50

LION
Written and Illus. WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS

The events in the Animal Factory that led to the creation of the King of Beasts—roar and all! Dazzling full-color pictures. *Ages 6-9* $3.00

FAMILY SABBATICAL
By CAROL RYRIE BRINK
Illustrated by Susan Foster

The Ridgeways of *Family Grandstand* are in France for Father's sabbatical. Adventures and misadventures of a happy family. *Ages 9-12* $2.75

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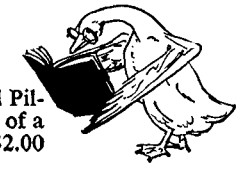
By JOHN OLDRIN • *Illustrated by* Kurt Wiese

Another Round Meadow story, this time of a raccoon whose inquisitive independence leads him into comical and touching adventures. *Ages 8-12* $2.50

THE CORN GROWS RIPE
By DOROTHY RHOADS
Illustrated by Jean Charlot

Tigre's momentous year of learning to be a man among his people, the Mayans of Yucatan. A story of faith and diligence. Fully illustrated. *Ages 10-up* $2.75



THE PILGRIM GOOSE
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Four exciting episodes about a breed of geese called Pilgrims, and the heroic part they played in the settling of a Connecticut valley. *Ages 9-12* $2.00

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Illustrated by William Pène du Bois

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By **CARL CARMER.** Tales of the supernatural from authentic American sources. ***Illustrated in color by Irv Docktor.*** Ages 12-16. $3.00

Pirate's Doll

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—*From "Davy Crockett's Earthquake."*

"... nobody knew exactly where Davy spent the fall of 1811."

IMAGINATIVE TALES

THE LITTLE BOOKROOM. *By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Oxford.* $3. Eleanor Farjeon has never forgotten the Little Bookroom of her childhood, the attic room in her father's house where she used to go to read whatever caught her attention—plays, romances, old histories, legends, and superstitions. This is surely one of the keys to the wonderful imaginative and individual quality of everything she writes; her power as a storyteller, her dramatic sense and instinct for the right word. We are grateful to her now for this new volume which gathers together some favorites from her many tales for children. I miss one of my own particular favorites: "Nella's Dancing Shoes." But it would be hard to decide what to give up to make place for it. This is a book any child (and storyteller, too) will read over and over again. Mr. Ardizzone's drawings in black-and-white have a touch of the magic Miss Farjeon found in the Little Bookroom. —M. C.

THE SILVER NUTMEG: The Story of Anna Lavinia and Toby. *Written and illustrated by Palmer Brown. Harper.* $2.50. Anna Lavinia, who delighted many children in "Beyond the Paw Paw Trees," returns in an equally original book, half real, half fantasy.

When her father decided to widen Anna Lavinia's horizons he made a hole in the garden wall, thereby giving her a new viewpoint and enabling her to see Dew Pond Hill. When she walked up the hill and gazed into the pond she was led to a strange world where everything was upside-down and gravity did not exist. Here she floated about enjoying new experiences and making new friends.

Songs are interspersed throughout the book and the author's illustrations are as gay and imaginative as the story itself. Little girls aged eight to ten could read the book, but it might be read to the whole family with great enjoyment. —M. R. P.

DAVY CROCKETT'S EARTHQUAKE. *By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Nicolas. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.25. In "Wilderness Journey" William Steele displayed a nice talent for the telling of the frontier tall tale. His new book proves him a master of the technique. Nobody knew exactly where Davy spent the fall of 1811. This rollicking story recounts what history failed to record when Betsy fired at an "animal" even she couldn't kill. Among the author's creations is a horrendous innkeeper, the Eye-Gouger, as hideous a monster as we have ever read about (or seen). Nicolas's illustrations are as imaginative as the text but lack, occasionally, its good humor. —A. O'B. M.

SEVEN STARS FOR CATFISH BEND. *By Ben Lucien Burman. Illustrations by Alice Caddy. Funk & Wagnalls.* $2.75. If the animals of Catfish Bend thought they had trouble when the Mississippi flooded—see "High Water at Catfish Bend" (Funk & Wagnalls, 1952) for a rollicking account of that episode—they were mistaken, for a real disaster came later when a hunting club leased their peaceful swamplands and used it for a big shoot. With the same satire and humor Mr. Burman tells of the flight of the animals from the Bend, of their wanderings up the Mississippi, their decision to return home, and their ingenious defeat of the hunters. Young and old alike will chuckle over this delightful fable. —F. L. S.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S CAT. *Written and illustrated by Robert Lawson. Little, Brown.* $3. Mr. Lawson continues his rare characterizations of famous persons and unconventional interpreta-

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tions of history in this surprising account of Captain Kidd, the "quiet, respectable New York merchant." The delightful humor of text and illustrations that gave new stature to Columbus and his parrot, to Benjamin Franklin and his mouse, and to Paul Revere and his horse, here throws new light on William Kidd and creates a tough, but unforgettable, sea-going cat, McDermot. —F. L. S.

ODYSSEUS THE WANDERER. *By Aubrey De Selincourt. Illustrated by Norman Meredith. Criterion Books.* $3. The color, the vigor, and the excitement of the Iliad and the Odyssey are retained and even heightened in this retelling of the adventures of Odysseus. The raconteur—a Greek farmer of today—admires and envies Odysseus, yet knows him for the blend of rogue and hero that he was, a man who "took life into his hands like a ripe fig and sucked the sweetness out to the last drop."

Less poetic than the Padraic Colum version and less in the classical tradition than either the Colum or the Church versions, "Odysseus the Wanderer" yet merits inclusion in their good company. It will serve to whet the appetite of the young for the reading of Homer in its entirety.

—A. O'B. M.

FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CORN GROWS RIPE. *By Dorothy Rhoads. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. Viking.* $2.75. "This story of a Maya Indian boy in Yucatán is also a story of corn. And since corn cannot grow without sun and rain, each in its season, it is a story too about weather." These words end the author's foreword (which one must not omit) to a sensitively told story about one year, his twelfth, in the life of Tigre. It is the year in which he undertakes, alone, the task of producing the corn supply for his family, and learns about the responsibilities and joys of work and accomplishment. The characters and setting are clearly presented; not only Tigre and his family and the simple village life, but also the curious blend of Mayan and Christian beliefs behind which the Mayan concept of the universe is basic. Children will discover here in the most natural and simplest way what a contemporary Indian culture is like. Jean Charlot's drawings, with their echo of ancient Mexican forms, are an admirable accompaniment to the text. —M. C.

MRS. WAPPINGER'S SECRET. *By Florence Hightower. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Houghton Mifflin.* $3. Mrs. Wappinger, an eccentric old lady with young ideas, had exciting plans for

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CAPTAIN KIDD'S CAT

By ROBERT LAWSON. William Kidd a pirate? Nonsense, says McDermot, the captain's cat. "By far the best pirate story in many a season, most suited to the ages 8 to 13."—*Providence Journal.* By the author of *Ben and Me* and *Mr. Revere and I.* $3.00

YOUNG BRAVE ALGONQUIN

By PRISCILLA CARDEN. A young Indian boy and his best friend — a settler's son — have a thrilling adventure. "Extremely well-told story."—*Christian Science Monitor. Illustrated by Mary A. Reardon.* Ages 7-11. $2.50

BASEBALL PALS

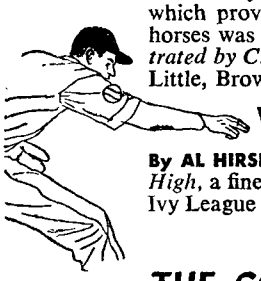
By MATT CHRISTOPHER. "Good baseball and character development are emphasized in this sports story that will be welcomed by the youngest baseball fans."—*Library Journal* and *Junior Libraries. Illustrated by Robert Henneberger.* Ages 7-11. $2.50

HOW TO MAKE A MINIATURE ZOO

By VINSON BROWN, author of *How to Make a Home Nature Museum.* "A vast amount of valuable and fascinating information . . . for anyone — young naturalist, parent, teacher, club or camp leader."—*Horn Book. Helpful drawings by Don Greame Kelley.* Ages 10 up. $2.75

A HORSE NAMED JOE

By ROBERT E. GARD. "A fast-paced and moving boy-and-horse story . . . showing, in the gruelling 500-mile horse race which provides the climax, how the endurance of men and horses was tested in the Old West."—*Chicago Tribune. Illustrated by C. W. Anderson.* Ages 12 up. Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown. $2.75



VARSITY DOUBLE PLAY

By AL HIRSHBERG. In this sequel to *The Battery for Madison High,* a fine baseball writer takes the Drake twins to Yale and Ivy League diamond competition. *Illustrated by Paul Galdone.* Ages 12 up. An Atlantic Book. $2.75

THE GOLDEN STALLION'S VICTORY

By RUTHERFORD G. MONTGOMERY. The great palomino, Golden Boy, helps to save the range and water rights of the Bar L ranch. "Rutherford Montgomery gives good value."—*Christian Science Monitor. Illustrated by Paul Giguere.* Ages 12 up. $2.75

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By OLIVER BUTTERWORTH. Young Nate Twitchell's hen laid a huge egg, and with Nate's help hatched out — Uncle Beasley! "Nate's story is not only great fun but . . . educational in a painless way. And if you have any trouble visualizing a Triceratops moving placidly through the twentieth-century world you need only to turn to Louis Darling's drawings to believe."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.95 Ages 8-12. An Atlantic Book.

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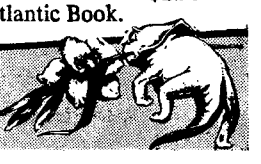

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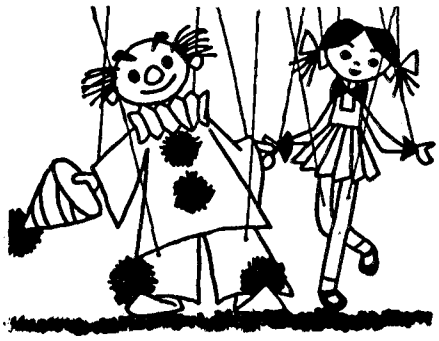

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Ages 7 up, Cloth, $2; paper, $1.35.

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Selected by Alice I. Hazeltine and Elva S. Smith

• Decorations by Paula Hutchison. In these poems the whole year—seasons, months, and holidays—passes in review. Chosen by two librarians well known for their children's anthologies, the selections are varied in mood and appeal, and will give real pleasure to both boys and girls. *Ages 8 up. $2.50*

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By Joyce Boyle, author of Susan's Special Summer

• Illustrated by Nancy Plummer. Tommy's exciting summer adventures on a farm, where he learns through perseverance to climb trees, ride horseback, swim, and fish. A delightful read-aloud book. *Ages 4-7. $1.50*

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ABINGDON PRESS

ten-year-old Charlie when he arrived with his family on Osprey Island off the coast of Maine to spend the summer. They would secretly dig for treasure in her garden, treasure which she was sure had been buried many years before by one of her ancestors. Charlie entered the project with great enthusiasm, but ran into complications with his own family, Mrs. Wappinger's parrot, and island boys who wanted to know what was happening.

There are delightful humor, high adventure, and a good mystery in this well-written book by a new author. The large group of characters are exceptionally well drawn. Boys and girls aged nine to eleven will find it absorbing. —M. R. P.

USE YOUR HEAD, HILDY. *By May Justus. Illustrated by Jean Tamburine. Holt.* $2.25. This is a choice story of family relationships which will be of especial interest to third- and fourth-grade girls. Twelve-year-old Hildy lived with her father and mother, her baby brother, and the six-year-old twins, Joe and Jane, in a log cabin deep in the Tennessee Mountains. She has almost more than her share of responsibility when Mother has to go to Far Beyant to nurse Hildy's aunt. Although Father has an accident and cuts his leg badly and although there are unexpected visitors, Hildy does not forget her Mother's admonition—"remember to use your head." When Mother does return she brings the very nicest "thank-gift" to her daughter, whose head is "screwed on the right way." —M. P. D.

DETECTIVES IN TOGAS. *By Henry Winterfeld. Illustrated by Charlotte Kleinert. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. The author, in his first book to be brought out in this country, has given the young people of America a whopping good yarn about school boys in ancient Rome who are trying desperately to prove to the authorities that their fellow student Rufus did not write "Caius is a dumbbell" on a sacred temple wall. The boys, with their teacher, find themselves involved in a who-done-it that carries the reader blithely along with the characters towards a believable and entertaining ending. The author's merry style and his ability to draw flesh-and-blood boys and the amusing line drawings of Charlotte Kleinert make this an attractive volume. —M. H.

BLACK FURY. *By Peggie Cannam. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Nick Randall's love for horses was the strongest emotion of his starved young life, and no doubt his own bleak existence was at the root of his great patience with the frightened, misunderstood mare Shillagh. This story by an English author new to American children moves rapidly, with plenty of heart tugs, and has much to make it widely popular: the appealing boy and beautiful horse whose stories parallel; the grownups, good, bad, and in-between, who are quite believable; and the completely satisfying outcome. The drawings, though few, are a natural part of the story. —R. H. V.

SUKANABI. *By D. R. King. Longmans, Green.* $3.25. A boy's life on the open plains was an exciting one during the 1860s, particularly if the boy was white and had to learn to take care of himself when danger threatened. This was the situation in which Ted McDowell found himself when his father's trading post was burned by hostile Indians.

The book is packed with detailed and absorbing descriptions of camping, buffalo hunting, Indian lore, and natural life. There is a thread of story that holds it together, but the reader's interest lies in the boy, Ted, living off the land. —M. H.

—*Jean Cunningham.*

READERS of *The Saturday Review* will regret to learn of the recent death of Mary Gould Davis at her home in New York. She will be remembered as editor of *SR*'s Books for Young People for eleven years, from 1944 to 1953, when ill health made it necessary for her to resign. She brought to her reviewing a warm personality, an extensive and sensitive knowledge of children's books, and wide experience as a storyteller. As a children's librarian, first in the Brooklyn Public Library and later for many years in The New York Public Library, she perfected the art of storytelling and, through her positions as supervisor of storytelling for The New York Public Library and as instructor of storytelling in the School of Library Service, Columbia University, passed on to innumerable children's librarians her consummate skill. Expert in her ability to evaluate the work of others through reviewing and oral interpretation, she also wrote and edited books herself. Though illness necessitated her retirement from active participation in recent affairs, her keen interests and influence made her very much a part of all that had to do with book and library services to children. —F. L. S.

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OF PEOPLE AND THINGS

THE FIRST BOOK OF GARDENING. *By Virginia Kirkus. Pictures by Helene Carter. Franklin Watts.* $1.95. Two well-known people have collaborated to create another of the famous "First Books." This one is a practical, authentic guide to planting, caring for, and harvesting flowers and vegetables. The author explains such commonplace details as making garden plans, selecting and buying seeds, caring for garden tools, fertilizing the soil, and fighting plant enemies in language that the beginning gardener, ten years of age to adulthood, can understand and use.

The artist's numerous two-color line drawings are decorative and accurate. An index, a bibliography, and a list of gardening authorities are special features. —LUCILE W. RALEY.

THE WONDERS OF SEEDS. *By Alfred Stefferud. Illustrated by Shirley Briggs. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Mr. Stefferud gives the reader an adequate and accurate discussion of seeds, their growth and history, and stories of some of the men who have worked to improve the quality of seeds. At the same time he gives an insight into the spiritual significance of "the urge to grow" which seeds reveal in "their own quiet way." Some of the stories of the discovery of seeds long hidden read like mysteries. Here, also, are some practical rules for the seed-planter to follow.

The line drawings help to illuminate the text, which is more lively and unstilted than most scientific discussions. The author is obviously "in love" with his subject.

—MARGARET MAHON.

YOU AND YOUR SENSES. *By Leo Schneider. Illustrated by Gustav Schrotter. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. This timely book will help boys and girls ten to fourteen years of age and older understand the thousands of things that happen around them every day, by seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and touching.

Practical experiments suggested by the author to explain some of the strange and interesting ways in which our senses operate will appeal to young scientists. The direct style in which scientific facts are presented, interesting sidelights used to vary detailed information, and a carefully made index are added features of special significance. Diagrams and drawings by Gustav Schrotter throughout the text make it still more valuable. —L. W. R.

THE STORY OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. *By Jeanette Eaton. Morrow.* $3.95. Teen-age girls, their older sisters, mothers, even male friends and relations will be intrigued and excited with this warm, intimate biography of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Jeanette Eaton, with her usual skill, adds another name to her list of great people. She tells the absorbing story of this unselfish woman, who, with extraordinary self-discipline, moved from periods of loneliness, timidity, and self-doubt to eminent places as wife of a governor, wife of a President, and in her own right an international leader for peace.

Personal photographs from the

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By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers and Irene Haas. "Lilting words set to lilting music and gayly acted out across the pages of this delectable picture book . . . which for pure fun and creative quality is worth its weight in gold."—*Chicago Tribune.* Ages 3-6. $1.95

THE WIZARD IN THE WELL
Poems and Pictures by Harry Behn. "Each of the 31 poems in this beautifully illustrated little book has a magical quality. . . . It will take its place alongside the books of A. A. Milne and Robert Louis Stevenson."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* Ages 6 up. $2.25

WHAT SUSAN WANTED
By Sally Scott. "The joy of deciding what to want for a birthday present is a treasured experience for every little girl. Sally Scott vividly describes the way Susan arrived at her decision and the wonderful happiness that resulted." —*Houston Chronicle.* Wash drawings by *Beth Krush.* Ages 6-10. $2.00

HIPPOLYTE—CRAB KING
By Joy Anderson. "Makes a little boy in Trinidad seem very like the children next door. . . . The tale, given dimension by Peter Spier's exceptionally provocative drawings, sparkles in the atmosphere of the Caribbean." – *Christian Science Monitor.* Ages 6-10. $2.25

DAVY CROCKETT'S EARTHQUAKE
By William O. Steele. "A tall tale in the Crockett tradition about Davy's adventures in the earthquake of 1811. Should charm as many adults as children by its delightful humor."—*Chattanooga Times.* Spirited illustrations by *Nicolas Mordvinoff.* Ages 6-10. $2.25

KNIGHT'S CASTLE
By Edward Eager. Four children find extraordinary adventure when they discover a magic way back into the time of Ivanhoe and Robin Hood."Remarkable for . . . a happy blending of humor, fantasy, and reality. N. M. Bodecker's humorous drawings capture the mood." —*Library Journal.* Ages 8-12. $2.75

DETECTIVES IN TOGAS
By Henry Winterfeld. Seven schoolboys uncover a dangerous criminal in ancient Rome. "The wisdom and whimsy of the text is clearly reflected in the delightful illustrations [by Charlotte Kleinert]."—*New Haven Register.* Ages 10-14. $2.75

THE WONDERS OF SEEDS
By Alfred Stefferud, Editor of the U. S. Department of Agriculture Yearbook. "A fascinating story of the life-giving cycle, how man has unraveled the mysteries surrounding seeds, and how the work is still being carried on. Will be purchased even by many adults for its simplicity of style and feeling for beauty."—*N. Y. Times.* Illustrated by *Shirley Briggs.* Ages 10-14. $2.75

YOU AND YOUR SENSES
By Leo Schneider. A lucid explanation of the intricate mechanisms of the human body which enable us to see, smell, taste, touch, and hear. Experiments and lively text show how the senses report on the world around us. Diagrams by *Gustav Schrotter.* Ages 10-14. $2.75

YOUR WORLD IN MOTION: The Story of Energy
By George Barrow. The story of one of the most absorbing subjects of our modern world—energy and motion—is graphically presented with experiments by a science teacher. "An excellent popular science book."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Illustrated by *Mildred Waltrip.* Ages 12 up. $2.95

THE GOLDEN THORN
By Helen F. Daringer. "A sensitively written novel set in Judea at the time of the birth of Christ. The heroine, a Judean girl in the service of a Roman family, is a particularly attractive character."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Illustrated by *Kurt Werth.* Ages 12 up. $2.75

CASTLE ON THE BORDER
By Margot Benary-Isbert. "A new and absorbing story of postwar Germany by the author of *The Ark* and *Rowan Farm.* The heroine, a self-reliant, 17-year-old war orphan who wants to be an actress, is very appealing."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 14 up. $3.00

SECOND MEETING
By Kathrene Pinkerton. An expert on photography and Indians, 18-year-old Vicky Baird leaves her lonely Alaskan home to join a scientific expedition to the Muir Glacier; but even more momentous is her second meeting with Phil Trent. Ages 14 up. $3.00

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Roosevelt Library are used generously to illustrate this excellent biography. —L. W. R.

ALSO NOTED: **"The Cat Family,"** *by Dorothy Childs Hogner. Pictures by Nils Hogner. Oxford.* $2.75. Like "The Horse Family" and "The Dog Family," this book describes the familiar and unusual members of the cat family and tells briefly of the prehistoric ancestors of present-day cats. The cat's place in human society, its contribution to man, and some stories connected with cats are included. Profusely illustrated in black-and-white drawings.

"Battle Against the Sea: How the Dutch Made Holland," *by Patricia Lauber. Maps and drawings by Donald Pitcher. Coward-McCann.* $1.95. This book tells of the continuing battle of the Dutch people against the sea to make and save their land. It is a tale of courage, disappointment, and progress. An index, maps, and many photographs add to its usefulness.

"Deserts," *by Delia Goetz. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Murrow.* $2. What causes deserts, where they are located throughout the world, plants and animals that live on them, their mineral resources, the nomadic peoples who inhabit desert areas, and the reclamation of wastelands by irrigation are explained for younger readers. Many descriptive illustrations make the book both attractive and more useful.

"First Boat: How to Pick It and Use It for Fun Afloat," *written and illustrated by C. B. Colby. Coward-McCann.* $2. Here is an easy-to-follow book for the boy who loves the out-of-doors and wishes to learn how to get the most pleasure from boating. How to handle simple sail boats, motor boats, and canoes; boating traffic rules; how to make sailor's knots; and safety regulations, especially when overtaken by a sudden storm, are described in clear text and illustrated by many drawings, charts, and diagrams.

"The First Book of Caves," *by Elizabeth Hamilton. Pictures by Bette J. Davis. Watts.* $1.95. How caves are formed, plant and animal life found in them, their importance in archeology, discoveries of the famous cave drawings in Spain and Southern France are told in easy text. A very useful section stresses equipment and safety measures necessary in spelunking, the exploring of caves as a hobby. There are also an index, a glossary, and many attractive illustrations in black, gray, and yellow.

"Fun with Wire," *by Joseph Leeming. Lippincott.* $3. Do-it-yourself fans, old and new, will find in this book suggestions for making many useful and ornamental objects. A chapter on how to work with wire, the different kinds of wire, and tools needed introduces the book. Diagrams and directions accompany the text.

"Hawks," *written and illustrated by Charles L. Ripper. Morrow.* $2. In simple text and with many excellent illustrations Mr. Ripper describes the kinds of hawks, their characteristics, food habits, development from egg to maturity, and, despite popular misconceptions, their contribution to agriculture. This is another title in the Morrow series of nature books and, like the others, will be very useful in working with and teaching younger children.

"The Year Around: Poems for Children," *selected by Alice I. Hazeltine & Elva S. Smith. Decorations by Paula Hutchison. Abingdon.* $2.50. Two former children's librarians have selected poems for children and have arranged them imaginatively to be used throughout the year, beginning with the springtime. The selections are from familiar authors, modern favorites, and some less-familiar poets, but all will appeal to children. An author-title index is appended. —F. L. S.

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The Taste of Teen-Agers

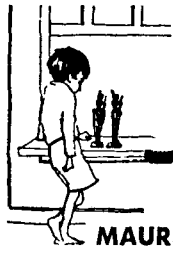
By ELAINE SIMPSON, *Secondary School Specialist, Office of Young People's Services, The New York Public Library*

ONE of my functions as Secondary School Specialist in The New York Public Library is to act as liaison between the public library and the schools, working through the school librarian and teachers and with the sanction of the Board of Education. I visit English classes, usually sophomore classes, of academic high schools. There I display books and book jackets, and talk about those and other titles or subjects in which the students may be interested.

During the course of a few years and several hundred classes these teen-agers have taught me many things about their recreational reading likes, dislikes, and habits; enough, even, to venture a few circumspect observations about them. I say circumspect because the one bit of absolute wisdom that I have gained is that no blanket statement can be made about the reading done by young people. Each time I think that I have sufficient grounds for formulating a valid conclusion I meet as many instances to prove the opposite. Boys prefer non-fiction, I decide, only to have an entire class of boys reject the books I had brought because they would rather read novels. As soon as I am confident that I have identified teen-age reading interests under such convenient headings as war stories, music, love stories, diving, sports, family stories, etc., a boy tells me that **"Animal Farm,"** by George Orwell (Harcourt, $1.75), is the best book that he has ever read or a girl recommends **"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,"** by Sloan Wilson (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), as "a book for teen-agers which every teen-ager should read." I have had two girls in the same class articulately defend Dostoevski and Janet Lambert as "*the* best" writer. In the next class I may have to make a mental jump to produce a book for the boy who, with the air of purposely trying to shock, says he likes to read about gangsters.

One certain fact is that teen-agers do read. They read widely, sampling new subjects, authors, and forms; they read intensely, searching out everything in a subject field which engrosses them at the moment. The mother who is disturbed because her daughter reads only girl's stories should not be unduly concerned. True, fiction written especially for the teen-age is neither masterly literature nor profound conception. These books are cut to a pattern to fit a special audience, and they cannot be judged by standards set up for adult novels. As in any product made in wholesale lots, there is great variation in quality. Some are spontaneous, sincere, fresh; others are sentimental, flabby, flat. The best of them have the directness, vitality, and action that most teen-agers want. Unless young people are permitted to read books which they like so that they will form the habit of reading they will not develop an interest in adult books.

Almost over night, it seems, the girl will dismiss the girl's story, the boy will pass by the simple sports, adventure, and science-fiction as "kid stuff"; they are ready to attempt the new in content, difficulty, and style, though they do not completely desert teen-age books. Many jump directly into adult reading, but for some young



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people the step from a teen-age story, with its slight plot and simple characterization, to a complex adult novel is a giant one. Therefore, they go by way of biography, like **"Harriet Tubman,"** by Anne Petry (Crowell $2.75), or by "transitional novels," like **"Seventeenth Summer,"** by Maureen Daly (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), or **"The Light in the Forest,"** by Conrad Richter (Knopf, $2.50). These books have action, suspense, few characters; yet the plot, the quality of writing, and the reality of characterization make a good introduction to adult fiction.

I seriously doubt that there is any such thing as a born reluctant reader. There are teen-agers who do not read because they have never found a readable, appealing book on their particular subject interest, or because they have had unsatisfactory reading experiences as a result of compulsory assignments by the teacher, or of poor judgment by the librarian, or because the very mechanics of reading set up an insurmountable barrier. How many times have I seen a face light up as a student clasps a book and exclaims "I never knew they had books like this. Where can I get it?" One of my greatest thrills comes when after talking to a group classified as non-readers the boys and girls make a concerted rush for the books and sit or stand in knots looking at and discussing them.

Teen-agers are influenced in their reading by television, movies, and best sellers; but it seems to me that they are most influenced by personal recommendation of a book. Repeatedly in classes I hear "My friend told me about . . . , and I think it's the best book I ever read."

WHAT do they read? **"African Hunter,"** by John Hunter (Harper, $2.50); **"The White Falcon,"** by Charlton Ogburn, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin, $2.25), **"The Red Badge of Courage,"** by Stephen Crane (Appleton, $2.25), **"The Man Who Never Was,"** by Ewen Montagu (Lippincott, $2.95), and **"The War of the Worlds"** by H. G. Wells (**"Seven Science Fiction Novels,"** Dover, $3.95), **"Weight Lifting"** by Jim Murray (Barnes, $1.75), and **"The Story of Art,"** by E. H. Gombrich (Phaidon, $6.50), **"The Search for Bridey Murphy,"** by Morey Bernstein (Doubleday, $3.75), and **"The Abominable Snowman,"** by Ralph Izzard (Doubleday, $4, but out of print), **"The Diary of Anne Frank,"** by Anne Frank (Doubleday, $3), and **"Cheaper by the Dozen,"** by Frank G. Gilbreth, Jr. and E. G. Carey (Crowell, $3).

What qualities do they want in a book? Action, suspense, humor, "good description but not too long," "characters you can believe in," "stories without corny endings," "something that makes me use my imagination."

What books that I have carried with me this year have been most often asked about? **"A Night to Remember,"** by Walter Lord (Holt, $3.50), **"The Day Lincoln Was Shot,"** by Jim Bishop (Harper, $3.75), **"H.M.S. *Ulysses*,"** by Alistair MacLean (Doubleday, $3.95), **"Dive,"** by Rick and Barbara Carrier (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95), **"The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant,"** by Douglass Wallop (Norton, $2.95), **"Miracle at Carville,"** by Betty Martin (Doubleday, $3.50), **"Eleven Blue Men,"** by Berton Roueché (Little, Brown, $3.50), **"Sports Cars,"** by Austin L. Conley (Greenberg, $3), **"Désirée,"** by Annemarie Selinko (Morrow, $1.98), **"Murder Takes the Veil,"** by Margaret Anne Hubbard (Bruce, $3.25), **"Around the World with the Harlem Globetrotters,"** by Dave Zinkoff and Edgar Williams (Macrae Smith, $2.95), **"Mrs. Mike,"** by Benedict and Nancy Freedman (Coward-McCann, $3.75).

Two outstanding traits of adolescence are an intense concern with self and a great interest in the opposite sex. Books on etiquette, relations with other young people and with adults, dress, make-up, personality, all of the problems of growing-up are in great demand. Among them are **"Teen-Age Glamor,"** by Adah Broadbent (Doubleday, $2.50), **"The Seventeen Reader,"** edited by Bryna Ivens (Lippincott, $2.75), **"Blondes Prefer Gentlemen,"** by Shelia John Daly (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), and **"Open Season,"** by James L. Summers (Doubleday, $2).

Perhaps the most useful thing that these young people have taught me is that first of all I must accept their reading where it is without showing surprise, shock, or amusement. Teen-agers want to grow up; they want to learn every experience that can happen to people, real or imaginary. So I listen to what they have been reading and then suggest titles that show the other side of the picture or titles on the same subject which lack the viciousness, the unconventional situations, or the objectionable language of those which they may have been reading.

I believe that, while young people may not be able to define the difference between a satisfying, well-written book and a shallow, sensational artificial piece of writing, they are aware of the difference. I believe, also, that if young people are permitted to approach adult books at their own pace with unobtrusive guidance they will develop good taste in reading and will be able to find in books a source of lifelong enjoyment.

New books for boys and girls

Mrs. Wappinger's Secret

by Florence Hightower
illus. by Beth and Joe Krush
Two conspirators, an eccentric and delightful old lady and an engaging ten-year-old boy dig for treasure on an island in Maine.
Ages 8-11 $3.00

I Will Tell You of a Town

by Alastair Reid
illus. by W. Lorraine
One eventful, bustling day from dawn to dark in the life of a small fishing village.
Ages 4-8 $2.25 (Trade) $2.75 (GSLB)

The Golden Bird

by Shannon Garst
illus. by Panos Ghikas
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BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

ALMOST APRIL. *By Zoa Sherburne. Morrow.* $2.75. During her grandmother's illness Karen Hale is sent from New York to live in Oregon with her father. When she arrives and sees her father's happiness with his new wife, Jan, she is filled with bitterness toward this man who had deserted her and her mother and broken the family circle. Her friendship with a young man who is considered a juvenile delinquent in the town evokes strong disapproval from her father, but it eventually leads her toward a mature evaluation of her own father and family situation.

—ESTHER WALLS PAPPY.

COLD HAZARD. *By Richard Armstrong. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.50 Four young apprentices and a seasoned seaman adrift in the fog and the vastness of the North Atlantic. Separated from the rest of the crew after their ship was struck by an iceberg, they struggle desperately to live and find safety. After days at sea they are washed ashore only to find themselves on an uninhabited island—prisoners of storm, unpassable rocks, and water-locked land. Handicapped by rivalry which nearly defeats their efforts, they work to find a way to leave the island. Their five weeks of tense struggle will make the reader an active participant in this strange adventure. —R. E. L.

THE DAY AND THE WAY WE MET. *By Mary Stolz. Harper.* $2.50. In this sequel to "Ready or Not" Miss Stolz probes into the heart of seventeen-year-old Julie Connor. Julie's problems are intensified when the marriage of her older sister Morgan imposes on her the roles of mother and counselor to her younger brother Ned, and housekeeper for Dan, the father who has resigned himself to the defeat and hopelessness of life. In addition to her family problems sensitive, introspective Julie finds herself romantically and impossibly in love with Geoff, Morgan's charming brother-in-law.

She emerges with a solid appraisal of herself and her relationship with family and friends, but her problems are not resolved by a pat ending. The reader does, however, come to know and understand the Connor family through Miss Stolz's penetrating insight into human behavior. Older girls will enjoy this new testimony of the author's writing ability. —E.W.P.

DOORWAY IN THE DARK. *By T. Morris Longstreth. Macmillan.* $2.75. This story of the founding of the Free University in West Berlin in 1947 is both compelling and exciting. To young Ernst his father's extreme caution to avoid all suspicion and his brother's outright contact with the Russians are equally incomprehensible. Not until he meets an American from West Berlin does he find a way to use his writing talents in behalf of intellectual freedom and personal liberty. In spite of a certain unevenness in the writing the author creates moments of real suspense and situations that are believable if fearful. The boys at times seem mature beyond their age and at other times are more childish than their nineteen years would allow.

—GRACE P. SLOCUM.

THE GOLDEN THORN. *By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Parents, librarians, and teachers will be pleased to place in the hands of young readers this appealing Biblical story. Girls especially will love it. Action centers around the lives of two young Judeans: Mark, a young shepherd, and Mary, daughter of Simon, a skilled stonemason. How the birth of the Infant Jesus changed their lives and the lives of many people makes an exciting story. "The Golden Thorn" contains intrigue, love, and marriage—problems found in any modern story. It is recreational reading with double portions of moral and spiritual

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—L. W. R.

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MARTY ON THE CAMPUS. *By Elisa Bialk. World.* $2.50. Marty returns from Hollywood, where she had completed a special story for her hometown newspaper to enter the journalism school of Northwestern University. There she falls into the swim of sorority life and into the arms of the hardest-to-get man on campus. However, her ambition to be a good newspaper reporter wins out over her desire to please Brad, who would have her write with style rather than sincerity, so in the end she lets him go. A sprightly school story with an authentic campus atmosphere and a base of solid values. —G P. S.

SAUL'S DAUGHTER. *By Gladys Malvern. Longman's, Green.* $3. Life in the woman's court with her unhappy stepmother and her serious-minded sister was pretty dull for Michal, the high-spirited younger daughter of King Saul, until David, the shepherd boy from Bethlehem, was summoned to play before the King and soothe his troubled mind. Into the familiar story of Saul's rages, Goliath's death, and Jonathan's friendship is woven the tumultuous courtship and marriage of David and Michal. It was not an easy thing for Michal to be married to the man destined to take her father's throne. Her doubts and fears as well as her love are well presented in this story that follows Biblical sources quite closely in bringing to life a romance of long ago. —G. P. S.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The season of Pentecost.	62 149 9 15 102 26 128
B. Light quantum.	146 52 180 108 37 27
C. Decayed.	18 162 151 20 156 55
D. Algerian oasis, junction of airways and highways.	154 23 129 51 4 80 25
E. Commander, U.S. naval forces on Lakes Ontario and Erie, War of 1812; given name, the famous Senator Depew.	182 171 67 107 54 43 98 92
F. Home of Lafayette College.	57 14 147 170 17 72
G. Expand.	40 186 85 97 48 32 5
H. Testified.	58 122 2 159 121 177 42
I. A word or individual sound.	167 164 66 150 91 155 89
J. Soaring.	70 179 113 115 165 103 6 158
K. Peak in cent. Kenya almost 13,000 ft. high.	169 1 61 95 75 46 185 99
L. Made acknowledgments; held responsible.	73 136 94 68 142 86 31
M. To improve the moral or social condition of.	124 93 87 127 181 135
N. Hastily; precipitately.	116 112 8 74 105 47
O. Descriptive of Braille type.	30 114 12 67 176 81 168 101
P. Having a scolding disposition.	189 119 45 132 79 77 175 144
Q. Kill as a sacrificial victim.	109 16 59 13 88 44 133 7
R. Said of a tennis ball hit too low.	38 117 110 160 19 28
S. Certain honorary canon in Ch. of England.	82 139 137 106 166 100 157 24 29 163
T. Great victory of Alexander, really fought at another village, Gaugamela.	63 161 187 141 126 153
U. Pertaining to wheels.	83 3 118 22 36
V. Weed of SE U.S. with pale, hairy leaves (*Senecio tomentosus*).	10 64 21 111 84 56 35
W. Presenting.	90 134 11 125 148 130 41 50
X. Adore, worship.	145 96 183 178 104 131 140
Y. The common weakfish.	152 123 188 34 78 174 120 138 53 60
Z. A traveling missionary of the primitive Christian church.	33 173 65 49 39 172 184 71 143 76

	1 K		2 H	3 U	4 D	5 G	6 J	7 Q	8 N	9 A	10 V	11 W		12 O	13 Q	14 F						
15 A		16 Q	17 F	18 C	19 R		20 C	21 V	22 U	23 D		24 S		25 D	26 A	27 B						
28 R	29 S	30 O	31 L		32 G	33 Z	34 Y	35 V		36 U	37 B	38 R	39 Z		40 G	41 W						
42 H		43 E	44 Q	45 P	46 K	47 N	48 G	49 Z	50 W		51 D		52 B	53 Y	54 E	55 C						
56 V	57 F	58 H		59 Q	60 Y	61 K		62 A	63 T	64 V		65 Z		66 I	67 E	68 L						
69 O	70 J		71 Z	72 F		73 L	74 N	75 K	76 Z		77 P	78 Y		79 P	80 D	81 O						
	82 S	83 U	84 V	85 G	86 L	87 M	88 Q	89 I	90 W		91 I	92 E		93 M	94 L	95 K						
96 X	97 G	98 E		99 K	100 S	101 O		102 A	103 J	104 X	105 N		106 S	107 E	108 B							
109 Q	110 R		111 V	112 N	113 J		114 O	115 J	116 N	117 R		118 U	119 P	120 Y	121 H							
122 H	123 Y	124 M	125 W	126 T		127 M	128 A		129 D	130 W	131 X	132 P		133 Q	134 W							
135 M	136 L	137 S		138 Y	139 S	140 X	141 T	142 L		143 Z	144 P	145 X	146 B	147 F		148 W						
149 A	150 I	151 C		152 Y	153 T	154 D	155 I	156 C	157 S		158 J	159 H		160 R	161 T	162 C						
163 S		164 I	165 J		166 S	167 I	168 O	169 K		170 F	171 E	172 Z		173 Z	174 Y	175 P						
176 O	177 H	178 X	179 J		180 B	181 M		182 E	183 X	184 Z	185 K	186 G	187 T	188 Y	189 P							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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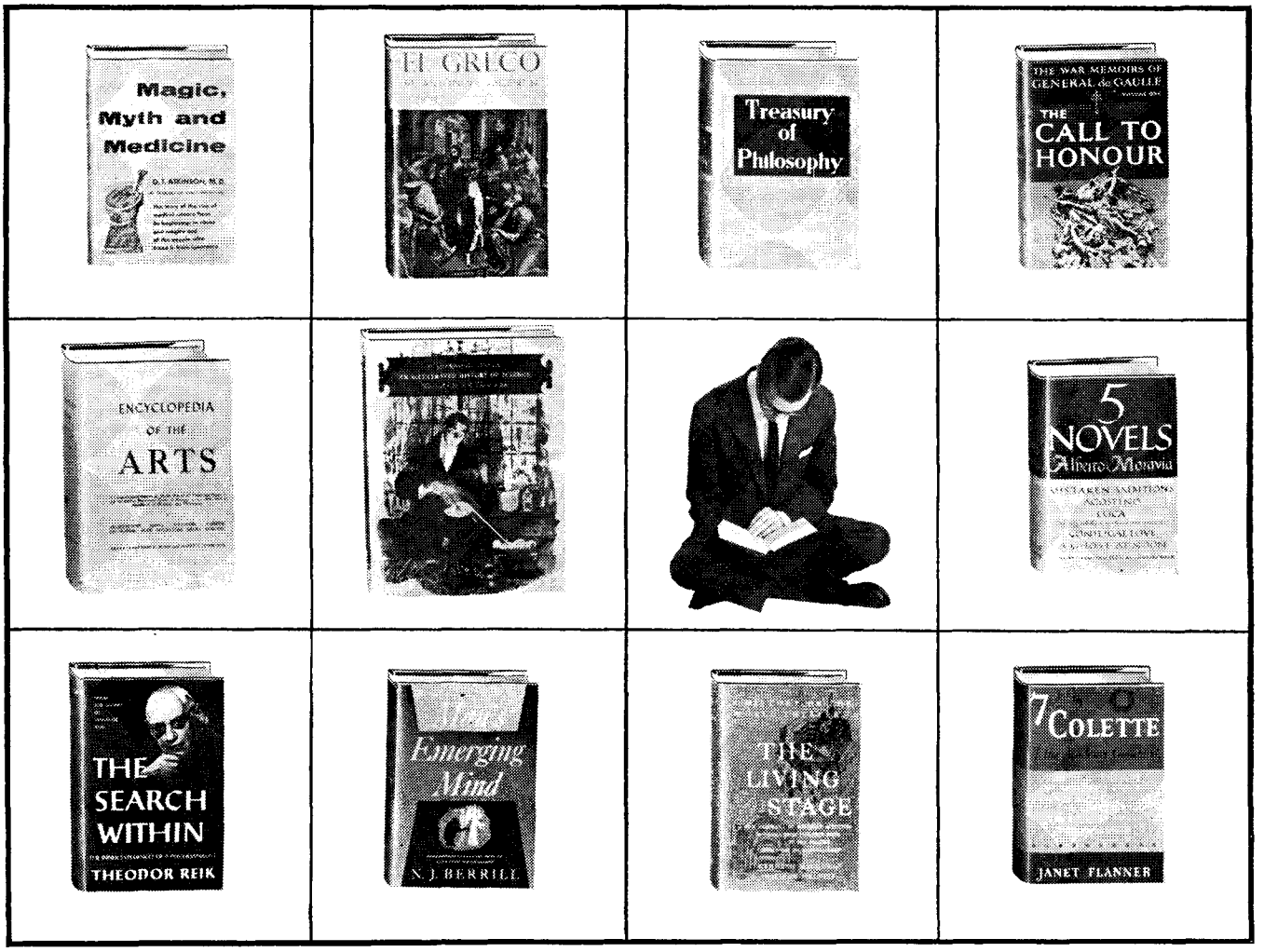

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